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Frontispiece.

# THE SOUTH SHORE;

OR,

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE IS  
INCLINED."

BY

MRS. C. R. JOSSELYN,

AUTHOR OF

"DORA GRAFTON; OR, EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."



BOSTON:

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1885.

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**Dedication.**

TO DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO

**MRS. G. D. RUSSELL,**

FOR

**SYMPATHY AND ENCOURAGEMENT**

**To a Stranger.**

IS THE WISH OF

**THE AUTHOR.**

**HYDE PARK, MASS.,**

*Sept. 21, 1881.*





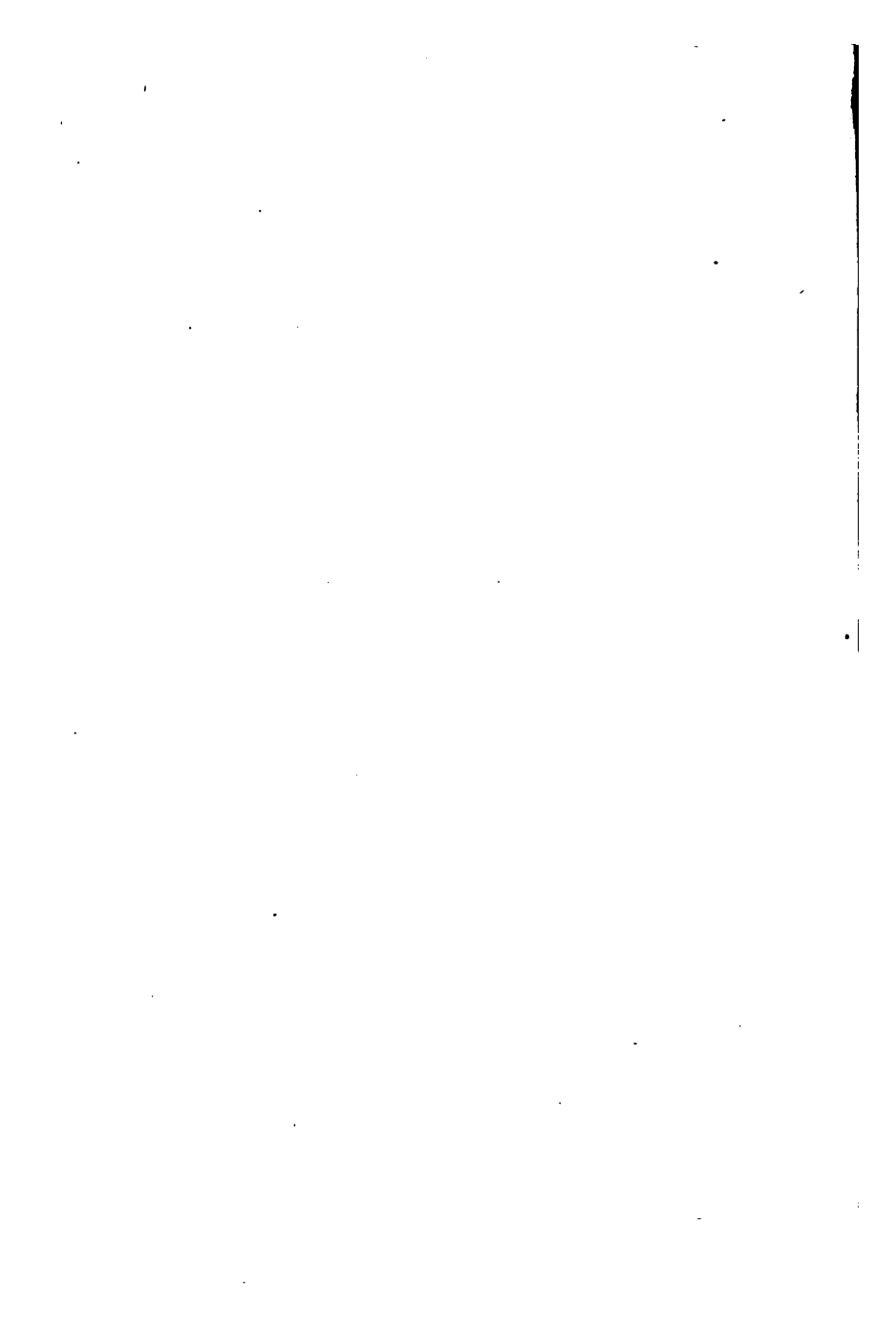
## PREFACE.

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THE object of this book is to point out to teachers and parents the importance of mingling innocent and healthful pleasures with wise instruction, and true religious training of the young.

Many of the incidents and characters are drawn from real life, and designed to show the happy effect of a well-spent childhood on later years.







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## SOUTH SHORE;

OR,

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE IS INCLINED."

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PICNIC PARTY.

"The heavens are smiling so soft and so blue,  
The hills and the meadows all glitter with dew,  
The trees wave their blossoms, so fragrant and fair,  
And sweet-warbling songsters are filling the air."

**A**LLOA! cousin Emma, are you ready for our excursion to-day?" asked Harry Moore, as he came running up the gravelled driveway to the piazza of Mr. Dearborn's elegant mansion, situated on the principal street of the pleasant seaside village of Chocorua. "Won't it be gay riding in Farmer Goodwin's hay-rigging to the picnic grove at Lake Beautiful, as we boys call that fine old pond? I

have spoken for seats in that team for you and me, because most of the first-class boys and girls are to be in it, and Mr. Dudley is one of the party ; and where our teacher is, we are always sure of a pleasant time." As he finished speaking, off went his cap with another merry shout, as a number of his schoolmates approached, who were to fill the seats temporarily arranged in the largest hay-rigging Chocorua could boast ; for by previous agreement the party were to meet at Emma Dearborn's, and start from there, as the most convenient arrangement.

Never did the sun shine on a group of happier faces than were now assembled to wait the arrival of their rural equipage. Bright eyes sparkled, and youthful cheeks glowed with health and pleasure, as four powerful gray horses dashed in evident high spirits up the avenue, their harness ornamented with gay streamers of red, white, and blue ribbons, and the wagon decorated with slender green boughs formed into a perfect arbor over the tall stakes.

The merry-hearted driver cracked his whip, and then loudly cried " Whoa " as he drew up his noble



horses, who seemed to be full of the spirit of the hour, and anxious to carry the gay party of boys and girls to their destination.

As the boys were gallantly assisting the girls to their seats, the venerable and respected clergyman of the village, Mr. Greenleaf, who felt an interest in every child of his flock, made his appearance among them, charging the good-natured driver to be careful of his precious load, and cautioning the noisy throng to beware of accident. While many voices are chattering busily away, we will make better acquaintance with some few of them, whom we shall most frequently meet in these pages, by listening to some of their conversation after they were fairly started, and Mr. Dudley, their teacher, had succeeded in quieting without saddening the happy forms around him.

"Have you heard the latest news in Chocorua?" said Emma Dearborn, a very beautiful girl in form and feature. She was an only child of rich but judicious parents, who had not neglected to check her faults, while they were able and desirous to grant every indulgence their good judgment prompted. By nature she was some-

what haughty, but a general favorite, for her kindheartedness and good home influence kept her pride in subjection. As she asked this question she opened her large, black eyes wide, as though some great mystery were attached to her words. This excited the wonder and curiosity of her mates; and while she is keeping them in suspense, we will form further acquaintance with others in the party.

Harry Moore, her cousin, of whom we have spoken, was a noble-hearted, generous youth, somewhat given to day-dreaming, a great lover of books, possessing the tastes of a naturalist, enjoying nothing so much as scrambling over hill and dale with his net for catching butterflies, or collecting bugs and minerals; so that his parents had set apart a small room for the accommodation of his curiosities, rather than to have them on exhibition in every room in the house,—for it must be admitted Harry was sadly disorderly. He was about fifteen years of age, of powerful frame, and would undoubtedly in a few years mature into a fine-looking fellow. Having no sister of his own, Harry was devotedly attached to his



**The Picnic.**

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, including digital databases and physical filing systems. It also mentions the need for regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity of the information.

2. The second section focuses on the role of communication in achieving organizational goals. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication, both internally and externally. The text provides guidelines for effective communication, such as using appropriate language, listening actively, and providing feedback. It also discusses the benefits of open communication, including improved collaboration and decision-making.

3. The third part of the document addresses the issue of resource management. It discusses the importance of identifying and allocating resources effectively to support the organization's mission. The text outlines strategies for resource allocation, including prioritizing tasks, delegating responsibilities, and monitoring resource usage. It also mentions the need for flexibility and adaptability in resource management, as circumstances may change over time.

4. The fourth section discusses the importance of continuous learning and improvement. It emphasizes that organizations should strive to stay up-to-date with the latest trends and technologies in their field. The text outlines various methods for learning, such as attending conferences, taking courses, and encouraging employees to pursue professional development. It also mentions the importance of reflecting on past experiences and lessons learned to inform future actions.

5. The final part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers some concluding thoughts. It reiterates the importance of maintaining accurate records, effective communication, proper resource management, and continuous learning. The text concludes by expressing optimism about the future and the potential for success through these practices.

cousin Emma, who in turn had a sort of school-girl worship for him. The others we can perhaps form some idea of from their conversation.

Emma's question as to the latest news was answered by Belle Thornton, the acknowledged beauty of the village: "You refer of course to the late arrival of a mysterious youth in our midst." And she tried to look wondrous wise out of her beautiful eyes, but really she knew little or nothing about the matter. "I suspect," she continued, "we shall all soon become possessed of startling events in his life."

"Pray, who is the individual, and what brought him to our village?" said Phil Pomroy, a youth of about the age of Harry Moore, but as unlike him as possible. Phil was full of mischief, with a hearty relish for a joke at any time; a smart, energetic boy, and an excellent scholar. "I have been out of town the last few days, and have not heard of this hero in our midst."

"His name is Fitz Sinclair," Belle Thornton replied; "Dr. Lyman brought him home with him from the city last week."

Soon all eyes were bent upon the lively girl,

eager to hear more ; for though it was generally known that Dr. Lyman had brought a young lad with him from the city to be an inmate at Chestnut Hill (where he lived with his only sister, a maiden lady highly esteemed by all), yet no one ventured to question the doctor concerning the new-comer, knowing as they did that the mystery of his life the doctor either would not or could not reveal at present ; saying only that he was an English boy, who had been but a short time in this country. But the saucy beauty could give no further information, as she glanced at the quiet, reproving eye of Charlie Lee, called by his mates *parson*, — not in ridicule, however, for he possessed traits of character to forbid this, but because of his earnest manner and irreproachable life. He was the only son of a widowed mother, having been early deprived of his father, a young physician.

Sober, matter-of-fact Ellen Leroy, who had been silent during this conversation, now spoke in her usual slow manner : " Now, boys and girls, you have wasted quite enough of your precious breath over this matter. I am sure of one

thing, — if the boy keeps his own counsel you will none of you be the wiser until Dr. Lyman chooses to have you so. Don't let it interfere with our luncheon, for we are almost at the grove."

"I have listened quietly to your conversation," said Mr. Dudley, "and feel sure that none of my boys and girls will be guilty of rudeness to a stranger; and we may be certain Dr. Lyman will keep no boy with him who would be a discredit to our village. But I see my gentle Annie Denison has a word to say." And his eye rested tenderly on a fair young girl, on whose cheek the hectic flush of declining health already burned.

Timidly she replied, "My father had business at the doctor's last evening, and saw the boy; he seems, he said, like a well-bred and educated lad, but silent and haughty."

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil Pomroy, as the glistening waters of the lake shone through the trees. They soon drove up to the landing, where several small boats were moored. The other teams soon arrived, and were greeted with hearty cheers.

Jumping from the wagons, they had soon deposited in the grove the luncheon-baskets; and form-

ing into groups, dispersed for the day's enjoyment, — some preferring to sail on the smooth surface of the lake, others rambling through the woods, singing or chatting, gathering the beautiful wild flowers growing all about them, as happy as the squirrels above their heads, until the lunch hour arrived, when all did ample justice to the choice dainties prepared by loving hands at home for them. The day passed happily; not a cloud darkened the sky, and no shadow fell upon the enjoyment of the party, until in safety they drove at dusk through the village to their homes.

At the same hour Fitz Sinclair was seated in Dr. Lyman's office alone, his thoughts busy with the present and the past. Pride and anger at one moment flashed from his handsome eye, followed by a tender expression, as though love for some absent dear one perhaps haunted his memory. Surely the boy, with his strong marks of good birth, has some secret cause of trouble, that he should at his age be in a strange land alone.

“He was not born to shame;  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
For 't is a throne where honor may be crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.”





## CHAPTER II.

### THE DEPARTURE FOR CALIFORNIA.

"Fare thee well! I now must leave thee,  
Native home to me so dear;  
Distant lands wait to receive me,  
Hope my longing heart doth cheer.  
Life hath many a glad beginning,  
Ventures bold are half the winning;  
Hope the wand'rer's heart doth cheer:  
Fare thee well, my home so dear!"

**I**N the street, by the fireside, and at school, the exciting topic of the next few weeks at Chocorua was the intended departure of several of its citizens, some of them young men, recent graduates from the academy, for the golden land of promise, California. (This year, 1849, the fever commenced to rage; and as many of the characters in these pages are drawn from real life, the boys and girls of whom we write participated in the events of the period.)

On this particular morning, a few weeks after the ride and picnic party, the excitement in the village was intense; for the bold adventurers had the day before gone to a neighboring city, there to embark the following morning in a sailing vessel bound for California by the way of Cape Horn, —a rough and perilous voyage of six months. In those days the Pacific Railroad was undreamed of. They had said "good by" to anxious and loving friends, well knowing it might, and probably would be, the last hand-clasp on earth for many of them. But so cheering was the hope of returning laden with rich spoils from that Eldorado of their dreams, that joy and sorrow were nearly equally divided in the parting. The vessel which was to convey these loved ones over the treacherous deep would sail from port at an early hour, and with the aid of spy-glasses could be distinctly seen from any of the high rocks for which the village is noted. So, just as the sun was rising in regal splendor from its ocean bed, and shedding its golden rays like a good man's morning blessing on all the earth, an eager group of watchers had gathered upon a bold height

overlooking the sea, to catch a passing glimpse of the outward-bound craft, freighted with human beings full of anticipations of a glorious success awaiting them, when their feet should tread those mountain paths, and dig from the depths beneath the precious bits of shining ore, to enable them to return, perhaps, to their village home laden with the riches obtained by their ambition and industry, amid perils and privations in a wild, unsettled country.

Few words were spoken on shore as the vessel, borne so proudly on the blue Atlantic, came in sight, her white sails glistening in the morning sun. Old Ocean wore her most serene countenance, and seemed kindly disposed to the many ships which were intrusting their fate to her keeping. Not till the beloved ship had become a mere speck in the dim distance, did the watchers on the rock begin to disperse; the older persons returning to their homes to think of the absent, and to trust that the beautiful and touching prayer of their pastor on the Sunday previous to their departure might leave its blessing upon them. The younger people availed

themselves of the school holiday, and scrambled down the declivity, to commence a morning's enjoyment rambling on the beach; and as if in reaction from the quiet and restraint of the last hour, their nimble feet and happy faces made the scene a picture for an artist's pencil, as they sported in all the freshness of youth, in the early morning on the smooth beach, or bounded like wild and sportive deer from rock to rock.

"Come here, all of you," shouted Harry Moore, "and admire these beautiful flowers I have discovered growing almost upon the beach. See how much it looks like the blossom on Belle's cactus plant, and the stalk is very similar. Look out, girls, or you will prick your fingers."

But almost as soon as gathered they began to wither; the lovely pink blossoms, wholly dependent on the moisture of the plant, faded in an instant. Before the look of disappointment had passed from the girls' faces, a merry shout from a rock near by, given by Phil Pomroy, always the life of all their excursions, drew the attention to him.

"Harry, your flowers are altogether too ethereal for my taste. Now, boys and girls, I see some-

thing in the distance of a more substantial nature, and which I know you will all appreciate. 'Tis Uncle Ben busy at his lobster pots ; and by the smoke coming from his cabin chimney, I wager he has a huge pile of those delectable sea monsters now simmering in their hot bath. Let's charge down upon the old fellow, who for some of our filthy lucre (with which boys' pockets are always running over) will reward us with a meal the gods might envy ; and I will stake my reputation as a gentleman and a scholar, those venerable old customers never had a keener appetite than this early morning walk has given us, judging from the interior cry coming from my empty bread-basket."

No second invitation was needed ; and like a charge of cavalry, with a whoop like that of a wild Indian, they rushed upon Uncle Ben, just as that worthy was taking from the boiling caldron his last victim, whose complexion had been much improved, but alas ! at the expense of life. Some of the bright coins belonging to the boys were placed in Uncle Ben's broad palm, after he had removed his hands from his ears, declaring that

last yell of Phil Pomroy's had deafened him for life, and presented to one and all a hearty handshake and cordial "good morning"; and in return, some of the finest specimens of his store passed into their possession.

Lunch-baskets were opened, and the party seated themselves in various attitudes upon broken spars and masts, old overturned boats fast going to decay, or stretched themselves lazily on the sand to enjoy with hearty zest their repast; the most interesting topic of conversation for the time being, "How good lobsters just out of the pot are!" and the declaration that doughnuts and cheese, pie and cake, eaten at home on a table never began to taste so good. The truth was, they were hungry as sharks, and free as the winds fanning their brows, and a crust would have been devoured with a relish.

Hunger appeased, they began to give a thought to the things about them, and the world in general; and the conversation chanced to fall on Fitz Sinclair just as old Uncle Ben, having finished his morning labors, came out of his cabin to have a chat with the boys and girls, with all of whom he

was a favorite, as in his leisure moments he dearly loved to spin sailor yarns for them. "How is that youngster?" he asked, as he heard Fitz's name mentioned. "He drove down here t'other day with the doctor; the old gent seems to have taken a powerful fancy to the chap, and I'd wager a big lobster he's a stanch, seaworthy little craft, but he would n't stand much firing into without dealing back some pretty hot shots. He's got plenty of grit and temper aboard, but a good heart at bottom, if Uncle Ben's any judge of human natur'."

"Well, he manages to sail at a distance and steer clear of us boys, Uncle Ben, as you would from some shoal or quicksand," replied Phil Pomroy. "Now I have had an introduction from the doctor himself, this ought to be sufficient proof that I at least am of a friendly nation; but to borrow your phrase, 'shiver my timbers' if I can make out his colors. There's a hungry look in his eye when he is near us fellows, as though he longed to be one of us, but is held back by some secret motive from entering into our sports. I imagine he is afraid we may prove inquisitive, and ask some questions he don't care to answer. But if he knew

the sermons Mr. Dudley has preached to us about remembering we have a stranger among us, and that we should try to make him feel at home, he need not fear us, as he seems to do. But I must say he was the innocent cause of flattening my organ of self-esteem tremendously last evening. The doctor sent him over to our house with some message for father. Now, you all know what a jewel our Bridget is, though she has been so long in the family she has become a privileged character; and while at heart my very best friend, yet (doubtless for my good) is sometimes painfully careless of my sensitive nature, and exposes to view some points in my otherwise faultless character that might possibly cause some short-sighted mortal to observe a blemish hidden from the vulgar herd.

"The event happened thus: You know grandma is making us a visit, and these chilly evenings she loves to see a little blaze upon the hearth, — not so much for the warmth, she says, as the cheer; and I am wicked enough to think after all 't is because she loves to handle the tongs and shovel, with the bright brass knobs on them, as well as



we boys and girls love bats and balls, grace-hoops and other amusements.

"Well, as Fitz turned to leave the room with his most polite bow, Bridget came in with her basket of kindling and light wood, and went down upon her knees to arrange the materials and start the fire. But somehow, although she declared it was 'a burning shame, that her illegint kindlings went back on her entirely,' not a spark, nothing but smoke rewarded her pains. And as she raised her honest face, moist with her efforts, she exclaimed, 'Now, sure, if the nice young gintleman that jist left ye would have given me the loan of one lock of his hair, me fire would have blazed in a hurry, for faith'tis so entirely rid and shining, the sparks shone all over his head in the lamp-light. Indade, now, that is a fine lad; one might know he was from the old kintry. No byes in Ameriky have manners the likes of that. More's the pity Master Phil's not able to learn some of his gintleminly ways.'

"Now, this was too much for even my angelic temper to endure tamely; and forgetful of the nice pies and turnovers, full enough of plums to

delight even the eyes of 'Little Jack Horner who sat in the corner,' which the good soul so often makes expressly for me, and slides secretly into my innocent fingers, I poured forth a long and loud complaint of abuse. Her quick Irish wit did not forsake her, and instantly turning comforter to my wounded pride, she said, —

"'Sure, after all, Mr. Phil, sich manners would not become the likes of ye at all. Ye're a free and easy born son of dear old Ameriky, and ye have a heart in the right place, if yer head is a trifle giddy. Now, that lad has a fine timper of his own, or his red locks belie him.'

"Now, as you all know, I am distinguished for my amiability, so the good creature thought my want of polish amply compensated for; a fact, I doubt not, with which you all agree."

"Silence, vain boaster," said Ellen Leroy; "Dr. Lyman is well pleased with his *protégé*, and that speaks volumes for him."

"I admit the truth of your assertion, most sensible of women, or rather gals; and now let's gather up the fragments of this delicious repast, and with one of Bridget's 'old-kintry bows,' pre-

sent to Uncle Ben these delicacies, prepared mostly by the fair hands of these lovely damsels, gathered around his hospitable mansion."

"Long life to you, lads and lasses ! May you have a prosperous voyage through this life, and anchor safely on the other shore, where your log-book may tell a clean story of the trip, and land you at last in a snug harbor, safe in the Saviour's bosom !"

The honest old fellow never failed to drop a word of homely advice to his young friends, and sometimes, by his rough sea phrases, preached sermons more eloquent to them than more studied efforts from others. After a true sailor grip of the hand, the boys and girls separated into groups, to gather shells and sea-weeds, — the choicest, as usual, always being found in Harry Moore's collection ; his great love of the beautiful in nature, and of flowers and minerals, as well as all pursuits in natural history, led to this. Some of the boys and girls had come prepared with bathing suits, and were soon sporting with the waves. Others, more timid, barely let them break over their feet, as they flowed upon the

beach. Once a bold swimmer startled the others by venturing out too far; but being accustomed to the exercise, soon rejoined the less courageous of the party. After exhausting the pleasures of the beach, they set out for their homeward walk through the delightful woods road, leading to the village. Here, turning into a well-worn path, they followed a lovely brook that flowed in a most picturesque curve; here merrily babbling over little stones, green and mossy in the cool shade, with a pleasant, tinkling music, as of bells in the distance; then, its waters becoming obstructed by some fallen piece of tree, or other obstacle to its progress, gathering all its strength to rush on, forming tiny cascades, and leaping over a jutting rock at some steep decline in its pebbly bed, assuming the appearance of a miniature Niagara. The cool shade upon its banks invited repose, and the tall, overhanging branches of the oak-trees above them furnished plenty of amusement for the girls, to weave into wreaths the rich green leaves they bore. With their jack-knives the boys cut numerous piles of small boughs and scattered them upon the bank, ready for them to

strip off the leaves for their chaplets; and then, with true Yankee ingenuity, the boys began whittling boats to launch upon the rippling waters at their feet.

While thus employed, a young student who was spending his vacation at Chocorua, and was much attached to Harry Moore, suddenly came upon them, as he was walking through the woods. Lloyd Winthrop was somewhat older than Harry, —a thoughtful, earnest young man, though the young people all enjoyed his society. His manners were simple, and though a fine scholar, he dearly loved to share in the rambles of the boys and girls.

"If I were an artist," said he, "I should have sketched your pictures unbeknown to you, from some secret spot; you would never have posed yourselves half so gracefully had you been told to do so. You see, Harry, I have brought my net for catching butterflies; see what beauties I have found!"

"Aren't we having our happiest days now?" asked Belle Thornton of Lloyd; "I don't believe after school days are over there's much to enjoy."

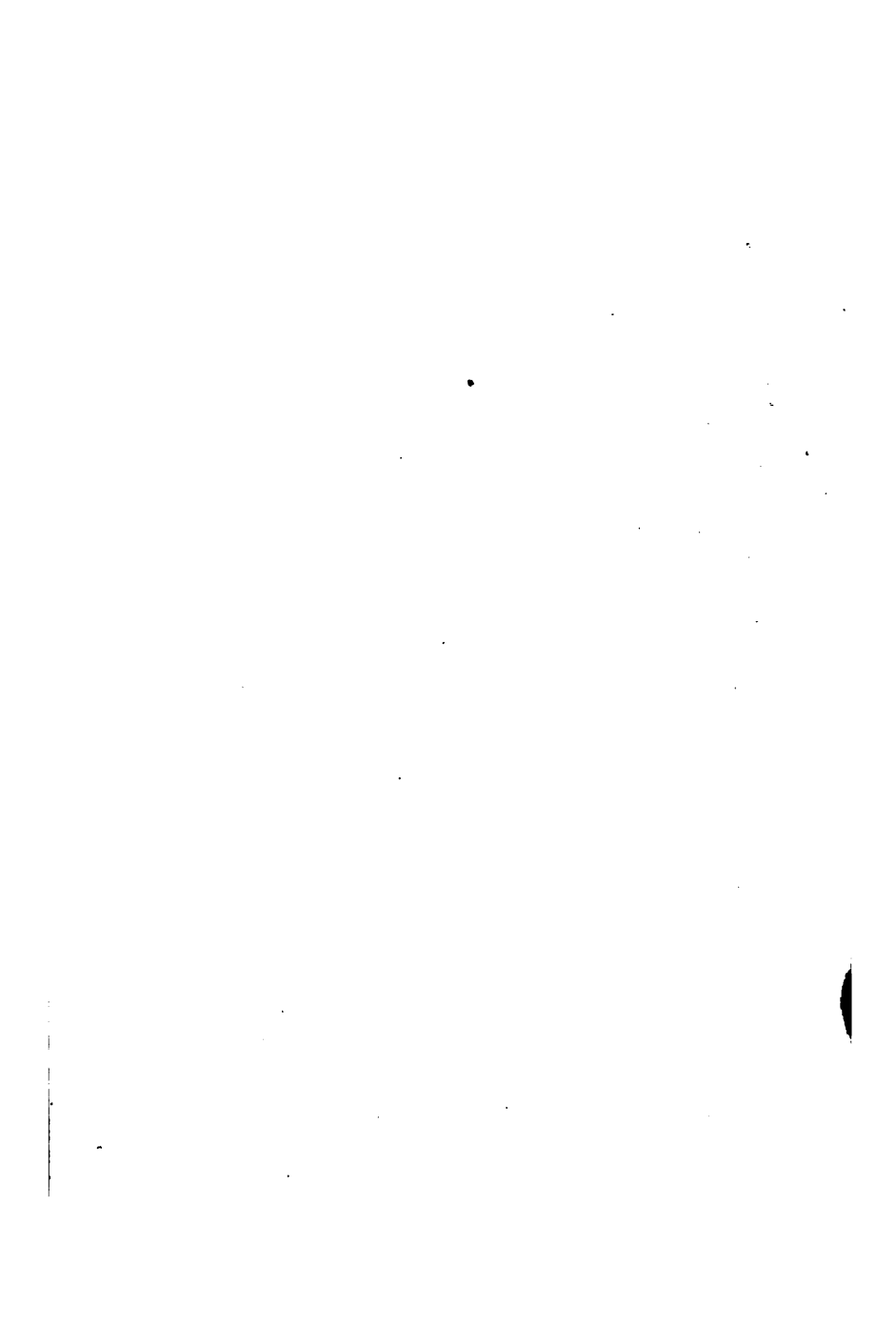
You boys and young men will only care for business, and we poor lasses will be obliged to sober down, and practise before the glass trying to bring our laughing mouths into sobriety, by speaking the words 'prunes' and 'prisms.'"

Her bright eyes sparkled with mischief, while she twisted her mirthful countenance into the proper pucker, as she called it, of a precise young lady.

"I do not agree with you, Belle," the young man replied; "I have seen a few more years than any of you, and yet I find each year happier than the last. We must remember, 'It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.'"

"For that fine speech, Sir Orator, accept this crown; though not of laurel leaves, yet 't was twined for thee," said Belle, as she placed upon his hat a shining garland.

With mock gravity he accepted the tribute with a graceful little speech, ending with the words, "Well, young friends, we began this day by watching out of sight the ship laden with human souls we love, bound for a distant shore. At its close we are interested in launching upon this





**Uncle Ben.**



running brook these tiny crafts you have so ingeniously carved. As they have become lost in the labyrinth of the stream, our good wishes have gone with them, that no disaster may overtake their passage, and that they may arrive in safety at their destined port."

Rising from the reclining posture he had enjoyed on a mossy seat, Phil Pomroy made a profound bow to his audience, saying, "Young men and maidens, after the remarks from our esteemed and celebrated friend, I would not presume to impose upon this gifted assembly words of mine; I merely rise to say that yon setting sun, shedding his golden rays through these leafy branches extended over our unworthy heads, reminds me of that ever-glorious sound, listened to by old and young at this hour of the day. 'Tis, my dearly beloved classmates and friends, the musical chime of the — supper-bell; which we shall surely miss if we tarry longer in this sylvan retreat, listening to babbling brooks, warbling birds, the chatter of merry maidens, or the sage remarks falling from the illustrious lips of your humble servant, 'His Majesty, myself.'"

With three hearty cheers for the speaker they obeyed his advice, and, a rosy, straggling company, they at length reached the village, evergreens festooned over their shoulders, and hats adorned with wreaths and flowers.

When next morning, assembled in their pleasant school-room, Mr. Dudley, as was his usual custom, commenced the exercises with a short prayer, his earnest voice trembled as he committed to the Father's keeping those who had just gone out upon the great deep to seek a home and fortune in a wild, unsettled region, and humbly supplicated that the home instructions of youth might guard from the temptations of a strange, wild land. Then youthful voices blended with that of their teacher in singing, —

“Remember thy Creator,  
While youth's fair spring is bright.”





### CHAPTER III.

#### STRAWBERRYING AT FARMER GOODWIN'S.

"Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me."

**O**FT and clear the tones of the Sabbath bell sounded from the steeple of the "old church on the green" one bright summer morning, to call together the village children, and those whose homes were in the remote farm-houses of Chocorua.

The flourishing Sunday school, under the care of the good pastor and faithful teachers, was made so attractive that the call of the bell was a welcome sound to all. The address of the clergyman, the choice selection of hymns and music, and the fine old instrument in the vestry, over whose

keys Belle Thornton's fingers lingered each Sunday, while with her clear, rich voice she led their morning songs of praise, were the delight of scholar and teacher, as well as the pleasant intercourse and instruction in the several classes.

It was a rich heritage to these children to have been born and nurtured in such a healthy locality, and amid natural beauties so charming to the eye, as met the gaze on every side. A pretty river wound through a part of the town, on whose banks were located rich and productive farms. The main street of the village was a broad and level avenue, shaded by large elm-trees, on which most of the mansions and pretty white cottages were situated; a few back streets with a house here and there, and the woodland road that led to the far-famed beach, were the principal thoroughfares.

High rocks such as are seldom seen in any village were scattered all about the town, from whose rough summits a widespread view of village and river might be seen; and on the right, the blue waters of the broad Atlantic, bearing upon its bosom the glittering white sails of many a

ship, both outward and homeward bound, were visible to the naked eye.

On this pleasant Sunday morning, boys and girls were seen in every street, in neat apparel, bending their steps towards the old church.

Miss Goodwin, the daughter of Farmer Goodwin, was the dearly loved teacher of Emma Dearborn, Belle Thornton, Ellen Leroy, and gentle, delicate Annie Dennison. No teacher was more devoted to her class, and much of the secret of her good influence over her scholars was the social confidence she gave to them on week days.

At the close of the morning services she invited them all to walk to the residence of her parents, early the next morning, and go with her to the fields and woods to gather wild strawberries, which grew in profusion all about the rich farm of Mr. Goodwin.

"Come early, girls, and take breakfast with us, before we go out for our ramble," she said.

The invitation was eagerly accepted, for cheerful Farmer Goodwin and his kind wife always extended a cordial welcome to the Sunday-school class of their daughter.

The poultry yard was a favorite visiting place for the girls; the farmer enjoyed having these young people about him. As he scattered the grain from his basket, flocks of hens and chickens, waddling ducks, proud, strutting turkey-cocks, and mother turkeys with whole broods of young, would gather around him. Even the peacock, the pride of the yard, with his beautiful-colored tail spread out, came slowly to the call. And from the roof above whole flock of pigeons fluttered down, alighting upon his head and shoulders in a most familiar manner, to partake of the falling grain.

Then to visit with him the great barn, to pet the noble horses, and feed the fat oxen with wisps of hay, and to admire in the adjoining pastures the cows with their lively calves, and the frisking lambs with the mild and quiet sheep, was a delight to the girls.

By five o'clock on the following Monday morning the girls were on the river road that led to Farmer Goodwin's hospitable roof. They were met at the open door with a cheerful greeting from Miss Goodwin. After laying aside their hats and light shawls, they were invited to join the

family at the well-filled table ; with smiling faces they returned the morning welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, then with bent heads listened to the heartfelt blessing invoked upon the meal by the master of the house, before partaking of its bounty. Now, it was the firm belief of these girls that nobody could make quite as delicious biscuit as Mrs. Goodwin ; such sweet butter they were quite sure no one else could churn ; and as to the doughnuts made at the farm, so much were they enjoyed, that even on this morning a heaping plate had been placed on the table.

They passed the time in-doors in pleasant conversation ; and then, prepared with baskets, they sought with Miss Goodwin the tempting red strawberries growing in full clusters upon the hillsides, and on the sunny slopes of the woods, their rich, red color contrasting with the green grass and shrubs about them. In such hours as these Miss Goodwin sought to impress lessons of duty, that should take root in the young hearts, and linger in memory in after years, when they could no longer be taught by her words or example. Poor Annie Dennison remained with Mrs.

Goodwin while the others were enjoying their walk, not daring to risk the fatigue of rambling, after the long walk from the village to the farm; but upon their return, with baskets heaped up with the tempting fruit, each girl selected with pleasure some of the choicest and largest berries to place upon Annie's plate, to be sprinkled with sugar, over which Miss Goodwin with her own kind hand poured the thick, delicious cream.

At eight o'clock Farmer Goodwin had his span of grays at the farm-house door, to take the girls back to the village, leaving Belle, Emma, and Ellen at the school-house.

The farmer drove Annie to her own home, tenderly lifted the lovely but frail girl in his strong arms, and led her to the open door, where her anxious mother received her, saying as he did so, "Mrs. Dennison, here is your precious Annie: see how fresh and rosy she is after her visit to the farm!"

Her mother tried to smile, though well she knew the roses on that cheek were never caused by health; for the hectic flush was a sure reminder of the early decay of each one of her darling



children, till this sweet child was the last nestling left in the parental home.

When the girls jumped from Mr. Goodwin's carriage, a number of schoolmates, awaiting on the green the opening of school, gathered around them, to whom they eagerly recounted the pleasures of their morning ramble.

"Is it possible that young girls of the present day could rise with the sun and endure the fatigue of a long walk before breakfast?" said Phil Pomroy teasingly.

Belle took from her basket a large ripe strawberry. "Take that, sir," she said, "and while you eat it, remember it was picked while, I dare say, you were snug in bed taking your morning nap."

"Delicious morsel! never again will I say aught against early rising. Why, Belle, the strawberries in your basket are not richer in color than the bloom on the cheeks of all of you girls. How did you find Farmer Goodwin? What a jolly place his farm is! Don't his hens lay big eggs? I know that, because when Charley and I were little shavers, we had many an egg roast with the old farmer in the woods."

"We have had, just as we always do, a capital visit; Miss Goodwin is the dearest soul girls ever had for a Sunday-school teacher, and her mother and father know just what to do to make young people happy. But there comes Mr. Dudley; now, girls, let us place together all the strawberries we have left in our baskets and give them to him."

"Good morning," said their teacher in his hearty, cordial manner, to the group as he approached, receiving in return a cheerful greeting.

Mr. Dudley said living with young people kept his heart young, and he gained strength for the duties of the day by entering into all their plans in hours of recreation.

Belle presented the now heaping basket of delicious fruit to her teacher, who received it warmly, thanking her, and at the same time praising the donors for their energy in rising early.

The sound of the school bell warned them it wanted only five minutes of nine o'clock, when the little bell would sound as the "reporter" touched the cord, and placed the "study hour" in plain sight.

Then, eager to make the most of the instruction

of their teacher, and to earn his commendation, the boys and girls took their respective seats behind the shining green desks, many of which were this morning adorned with pretty bouquets.

Their instructor encouraged a love of the beautiful everywhere, and felt that flowers, like sunshine and sweet music, made each duty and task light.

The school, over which Mr. Dudley held a firm but kind rule, had been his pride for a number of years; while the boys and girls of Chocorua were deeply attached to him as teacher and friend, and were justly proud of the school building and its beautiful grounds.

It was a large two-story edifice, neatly finished; and (contrary to the rule in some places) no marks of intentional destruction could be traced to those who assembled there from year to year, each one being taught by the master to consider himself in a manner responsible for the preservation of so fine a building, raised at the expense of others for their accommodation and enjoyment. In the rear of the building a large

field of ground was laid out for a garden, and each scholar was encouraged to have a plot of his own.

They gathered here out of school hours and at recess to cultivate the ground, and plant the choicest flowers in the early summer time; that as the season advanced they might enjoy culling rich floral treasures, to adorn their beloved school-rooms.

Within the building, Mr. Dudley had made everything as attractive as possible. The neatly swept floors with rows of desks freshly painted, green each year, contrasted with the bright flowers blossoming in pots upon the window-sills, and suspended from the ceiling in hanging baskets.

On one side of the room was a cabinet of shells and minerals, selected by their teacher with great care.

On another side was a library, containing a great variety of reading matter, — standard works, and novels of our best writers; to this the scholars had access under the same laws as other libraries, one of the boys acting as librarian.

A long platform occupied the part of the room

nearest the entrance ; upon this a little green desk was placed near the door for the "reporter" to sit. Directly behind his chair was suspended a card, upon which was painted in large letters, "Study hours." After the ringing of the school-bell, as soon as the "reporter" was in his seat, and he had pulled the cord, so as to draw the letters in an upright position, every scholar was expected to be in his or her seat, and in order.

Standing near this desk was the large one belonging to Mr. Dudley, whose kind face was always a welcome sight to his pupils. He seemed to feel a personal interest in every one before him. The bright and intelligent he helped to greater excellence ; the stupid he encouraged to renewed effort, by his ready sympathy and assistance ; while the rebellious were held in awe by his just, but firm and prompt rebuke and chastisement.

In school he was looked up to with respect ; and outside it was the delight of his children, as he called them, to enjoy his genial conversation. Every innocent amusement and recreation was ren-

dered doubly so to his pupils if he shared it, for his hearty sympathy was always a passport to their favor; and no happier boys and girls were to be found in the bright days of summer, or busy ones of winter, than the boys and girls in the old school-house at Chocorua.





## CHAPTER IV.

### FITZ SINCLAIR.

"The benefits he sowed in me met not  
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own  
With fair increase; and I still glory in it."

**A**FTER a while, as Fitz Sinclair proved to be a good boy, Dr. Lyman thought best to give his history to the villagers.

His mother was an English girl of high birth, who, against the wishes of her parents, had married the private tutor of her younger brother.

On account of the displeasure of her family, she had removed with her husband from England to Wales. In a few years, by an unexpected turn of fortune, Mr. Sinclair became possessed of considerable wealth; but when Fitz was quite young, his father, while hunting with a party of gentlemen, was thrown from his horse and killed. His distressed wife was obliged to see the form

of a kind husband and faithful father borne lifeless into the home from which he had gone forth a few hours before in perfect health and happiness.

For some years she remained a widow; then a young gentleman of high social standing, but as it afterwards proved, fearfully enslaved by his appetite for liquor, won her consent to a second marriage. She had seldom heard from her friends in England, and preferred to remain in Wales, where she had passed the first years of her early married life.

Capt. Jewett, who thus became step-father to Ftz, was of a warm, generous disposition, but when under the influence of wine was passionate and unreasonable, often unkind to his wife, and very severe with her boy.

Capt. Jewett had received a thorough nautical education, but possessing a fortune in his own right, he seldom followed his profession; but in his hours of leisure he had told Fitz wonderful tales of his life on the sea, which had charmed the fancy of the boy, and he longed for the time when he too might enjoy "a life on the ocean wave."



When Fitz was about fourteen years old, in a fit of passion his step-father punished him severely; this was more than Fitz could bear, and he determined to flee from his home and go to America. He stole away and embarked on a ship bound for the United States, paying something for his passage, and in part offering to work his way, as he wished to save the small sum of money which, in anticipation of this step, he had long hoarded from the not very liberal allowance of his step-father.

So the rash but stout-hearted boy landed on the shores of liberty. He now had only a few dollars in his pocket; but he had made the acquaintance of a kind-hearted sailor on the voyage, and although he concealed the fact of his having left home secretly, yet he did not hesitate to say his pockets were empty, and that he had no friends in America.

The sailor had a poor but worthy mother in Boston, and he offered the shelter of home to his little friendless acquaintance, until he could find employment to support himself.

Fitz did not remain on charity long: he pur-

chased newspapers to sell on the streets; he bought his meals at cheap restaurants, and lodged at the house of the sailor's mother.

He had followed this but a few weeks, when Dr. Lyman, on one of his visits to the city, while stopping to purchase a paper of the boy, perceived from his manners, notwithstanding his shabby clothes, that he was sadly out of place.

He conversed with him, and found that he was well bred, and had a fair education for one of his years.

As to his history, the boy was silent with a stranger, fearing it would lead to his discovery. Dr Lyman determined not to leave the city without the boy, and he invited Fitz to go with him to Chocorua, to assist him in his office, and attend Mr. Dudley's school.

Fitz took his new friend to the humble abode of the sailor and his mother. They told him all they knew of the lad: that he was an honest, energetic boy, but for some reason seemed alone in a strange country.

Fitz decided to go with the doctor, and sorrowfully bade adieu to his first friends.

Dr. Lyman bought him a suit of clothes suitable for the life he was to lead in the country, and started for home.

The doctor had written his sister of the new *protégé* he should bring home with him, well knowing that this kind lady would have a comfortable bed, and a pleasant word of welcome for the child.

Thus Fitz became an inmate of the doctor's household. At this time, several months had elapsed since he came to the village, and he had been won by the kindness of his benefactors to reveal his history, at the same time concealing his real name; for nothing would induce him to return to his step-father, much as he wished to see his dearly loved mother.

Miss Elsie Lyman, the doctor's sister, had induced him to write to his mother, telling her of his good fortune, but giving no clew to his place of business, mailing his letter from Boston.

Fitz's fiery temper seldom broke out under the rule at Chestnut Hill, and Miss Elsie and her brother were growing more and more interested in their charge, and the young people of

the village gladly welcomed him to all their pleasure parties, as well as in the school-room.

As Fitz, with a party of boys and girls, was sauntering home under the elms at the close of school one autumn afternoon, they were overtaken by Phil Pomroy. "Holloa, Fitz, and listen, Belle! we are going on our party to Cherry Island to-morrow. Be ready, girls, by ten o'clock. Fish for bait, clams plenty. Don't fail to be at the landing in time. I'm off to see about the boats." And away he ran down the street, Belle calling after him, "You never knew us late for a sail. Won't it be delightful? harvest moon too!" she said to her friend, Emma Dearborn, who was taking Belle home to tea with her, to learn their Monday's lesson together, so that Saturday might be a real holiday.

By eight o'clock supper was over, and lessons learned, and the girls at the piano playing and singing, when the door-bell announced company; it proved to be Mr. Dudley, always a welcome guest at the homes of his pupils.

"I'm so glad you have come in, Mr. Dudley," said Emma: "we are going to sail in the harbor

to-morrow, and have a chowder dinner on Cherry Island. Belle and I were saying just now we wished you would join us. We always enjoy ourselves a thousand times more when you are with us."

"Thanks for your invitation, girls," said Mr. Dudley; "nothing would give me more pleasure, but the convention of the teachers of the county takes place at Hastings to-morrow, and I am on the committee of arrangements, therefore I cannot possibly go."

Harry Moore entered just then, with a well-filled portfolio of leaves in his hand, for the girls to examine.

Mr. Greenleaf, the clergyman, came in also with Harry, having some business matters to talk over with Mr. Dearborn, who was a wealthy and influential member of his parish.

"Mr. Dearborn," said the clergyman, "will you give me half an hour of your time in your library? and when I return I shall ask the young ladies for some of their sweet songs."

After the clergyman and Mr. Dearborn had withdrawn, the others gathered around the cen-

tre table, to look over the beautiful collection of leaves Harry had pressed so carefully.

"These do you credit, Harry," said Mr. Dudley. "Now, Miss Belle, I wish you and Emma would make a collection, and weave them into bouquets and wreaths to adorn our school-room this winter. It will also be an incentive to you for walking these bright autumn days."

The girls promised, as they would have done to any request Mr. Dudley might make, and then turned to the piano. When the gentlemen returned from the library, they sat down, delighted to listen to the rich blending of Belle's pure soprano with the clear, full notes of Emma's voice.

Harry assisted them in one piece with the tenor, while Mr. Dudley joined with a deep, strong, bass voice, characteristic of the man.

"Good night," said Mr. Greenleaf, as the clock struck the hour of ten.

"And a pleasant time, girls, for to-morrow," said Mr. Dudley, as he bade them "good night" also.

Emma gave her mother a good kiss as she sang gayly, "Mother, call me early," and the two girls went happily up the stairs.

Punctual at ten o'clock next morning, the boats lay at the landing, and the boys and girls with their lunch-baskets were ready to embark.

To Phil Pomroy and Harry Moore, who had been accustomed all their lives to the management of boats, and were skilful oarsmen, were intrusted the two largest boats, containing the party; while Fitz Sinclair had in charge a small boat, containing provisions, crockery, and utensils for cooking the chowder.

The day was fine, the harbor smooth, and the sail over the blue waters was delightful.

At this time the famous lighthouse of Mainstone Rock was not completed; and a light-ship was anchored near the ledge, to warn mariners by its friendly light of the dangerous rocks concealed beneath the waters.

To this the party decided to make a visit. Bringing their boats alongside the ship, by means of rope ladders they ascended to the deck. This feat the boys enjoyed greatly; but the girls tremblingly undertook the ascent. The crew on board the ship encouraged them, and lent a helping hand, and they got on board without an accident.

The girls had often seen the bright rays of light from the ship, from many points in the village at night; now they had an opportunity to examine the immense lantern, from which the light shone out each evening over the dark waters.

Having remained on board as long as all wished, with many thanks to the crew for their kindness they descended to their boats, and were soon on their way to Cherry Island.

They reached the island with keen appetites; but the chowder must be made before dinner could be served.

The boys made the fire, pared the potatoes, cut up the fish they had brought with them, hung the big iron pot on the crotched sticks over the blazing fire, and placed huge slices of salt pork within, which were soon frying and sizzling, and sending out their savory scent into the air.

"Now, girls, we are ready for you to finish the chowder," said Phil: "who among you stands No. 1 at this business?"

"Ellen Leroy!" broke from a chorus of voices.

"Of course, — Ellen knows how to do everything!" exclaimed Phil; "pity a few more were



not so accomplished. Excuse me, Belle," he said, as she shook her finger at him, and pretended to be offended at his words; "but I really fear, if Ellen should refuse, our dinner would be a sorry affair."

Without wasting time or words, Ellen rolled up the sleeves from her well-formed arms, took a clean white apron from her basket, and went to work with a will, with some quiet jokes making the boys do her errands, while the girls spread the cloth upon a rude table of boards, placing upon it the various contents of the provision baskets.

When the steaming chowder was served, all pronounced it delicious, and Phil proposed three rousing cheers for the "cook."

These were given with much spirit, Ellen quickly and with much dignity bowing to the company.

After dinner, speeches and toasts followed, in imitation of their elders, which, if not equally profound, gave full as much cause for laughter and merriment. After an hour spent in rambling over the island, a few games, and some college

songs, Phil gave the order to pack up and return home.

The boats made fine headway, the breeze blowing in shore, and the party reached the wharf just as the setting sun was tingeing with its mellow light the hills, the gray rocks, and gilded church spire of their peaceful village home.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE OLD SHOEMAKER.

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds."

**A**UTUMN days were passing gloriously now, and the variegated foliage was resplendent in beauty. Chocorua was delightful at this season, inviting all to walks and rambles in the woods, and to climb the high rocks to gaze on the gorgeous picture below.

As Charlie Lee and his mother were seated at their pleasant breakfast-table one of these bright mornings, Mrs. Lee said, "Well, Charlie, this is your fifteenth birthday: what a tall boy you are getting to be!" then glancing at the portrait of her husband hanging on the wall, she said, "and you grow to look more like your father every

year." Charlie smiled, for he dearly loved to think himself like the father whom he did not remember, but whose name he loved.

"Can I do anything for you, mother dear, this morning?" said Charlie. "I have done all the out-door chores, milked the cow, fed the chickens, and brought in all the wood Sarah will need for the day in the kitchen, and there is quite a long time yet before school begins."

"I will tell you, Charlie, how we will improve this pleasant morning," replied Mrs. Lee. "I selected from our garden yesterday a basket of our best fruit, intending to send it to poor old Mr. Lamson, the shoemaker, who has been troubled with rheumatism of late, and unable to sit at his cobbling bench; and we will go and carry it to him."

Charlie willingly accepted his mother's invitation; and while they are preparing for their walk, we will give you the history of Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Lee's parents were among the wealthy and cultivated of one of our pleasant New England towns; but just before her marriage, during an unfortunate financial period, they lost the

greater part of their property. Young Dr. Lee wooed and won a portionless bride, and brought her home to Chocorua (to the same little cottage mother and son now occupied), to share the precarious fortunes of a village physician. Rich in their love towards each other, and encouraged by the confidence which each year the villagers were gaining in the ability of their physician, the young couple looked forward to years of happiness.

But God had ordered otherwise: an epidemic broke out in the early springtime among the little ones of the town. Dr. Lee, like many others of his noble profession, placing self last, worked early and late, and in one short month fell himself a victim to the disease which he had so bravely combated.

An infant girl followed her father in a few days, and Mrs. Lee was alone in the world with her little boy.

Her neighbors wondered at the fortitude with which this tender wife and mother bore the loss of her loved ones, but she felt herself sustained as by no earthly hand; and she remarked to a

sympathizing friend that she felt unbounded gratitude that she had once possessed such treasures in this world, who would be hers again when she should join them above; and that her life's work would be to rear her boy as nearly as possible in accordance with her husband's wishes.

Mrs. Lee soon found that unless she could increase her slender income in some way, she would be obliged to leave her much-loved cottage, and give up the old servant whom she had brought with her from her early home. She applied to Mr. Greenleaf, the clergyman, for advice in regard to opening a school for young children in a room in the cottage.

The pastor very readily entered into her plan, well knowing how faithful she would be to her duties, and went among his people securing pupils enough to encourage the widow in her enterprise. From year to year her school thrived, and at the time Mrs. Lee and Charlie are talking, the school is looked upon as one of the institutions of the village.

The lame shoemaker, to whom for years all the boys and girls of Chocorua had carried their

boots and shoes to be repaired, lived all by himself in a little bit of a red building, cobbled all day in the front room, and slept, ate, and drank in the back one.

He possessed one talent: he could play well on the violin, and the old cracked instrument he loved so dearly always lay upon his bench, in a faded green case. He was a good-natured man, but his one failing was a love of strong drink: this kept him poor, for much of his honest earnings was spent for rum.

Whenever the boys desired him to play for them, he was always ready and willing, sometimes accompanying his performance with an old-fashioned song.

He was never ill-natured nor profane, even when under the influence of his worst enemy. It did not appear that he had a living relative; so when he was ill and unable to work, the village people had a care over him.

"I shall be back in season for my scholars," said Mrs. Lee, as she passed into the neat kitchen, where Sarah enjoyed her reign.

Sarah took the basket of fruit from the pantry

as she spoke, "Here, Mrs. Lee, just ask Charlie to take this nice newly baked loaf of bread along with him; Mr. Lamson don't get such bread every day."

Sarah was like one of the family; she was privileged in the household, and worthy of the confidence given her. She had a good opinion of her skill as a housekeeper; she knew her bread was good, and she was not afraid to say so. So, folding it in a snowy napkin, she took it to the door to give to Charlie. As he came towards her, she laughingly pinched his ear, saying, "Well, Master Charlie, if you are a tall fifteen-year-old boy to-day, you are not too old to have your ears pinched, or to enjoy the birthday cake for your supper; are you, my lad?"

"Not if it is as full of plums as usual, Sarah, I promise you." Mrs. Lee now joined him, and together they wended their way towards the shoemaker's. On the street they met Ellen Leroy, walking with her little brother and sister, both of whom were Mrs. Lee's pupils.

With fleet and graceful steps, Fairy Alice, as Mrs. Lee often called her, fitted up to her teacher, who stooped to caress the child.



"Did you know another little sister came to our house last night?" she eagerly whispered to her loving teacher.

"No, indeed, my dear; but I suppose you are very happy to have a baby sister, whom you will love so dearly." Chubby-faced Hal now came up; finding his sister had told the news, he received his morning kiss in silence.

"Good morning, Ellen. Out with your little ones this pleasant morning; and how are all at home?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Alice has spoken of the new-comer, I suppose," replied Ellen. "What do you think Hal said to the nurse this morning, as he peeped into the room, where she sat with the babe lying in her lap, all wrapped in a blanket, so that nothing but its little black head appeared? Hal caught sight of this, and immediately begged Mrs. Sawyer to give it to him for a foot-ball."

They all enjoyed a laugh at Hal's expense; but not appreciating the joke, he looked quite grave.

A gayly colored butterfly at this moment attracted the notice of the children, and away they ran in pursuit of it.

As they left Ellen, Mrs. Lee said to Charlie, "Another little one to claim the love and attention of that kind sister."

Farther on they found some fall flowers growing by the wayside. As they stopped to gather a few, Dr. Lyman passed them in his buggy, with his young assistant beside him; both bowed as they drove along.

"How fortunate that boy is to have found such a friend as Dr. Lyman!" said Charlie; "and with Mr. Dudley's influence, Chocorua will grow proud of Fitz Sinclair, I know."

They had now reached the little red house where the shoemaker dwelt and worked. They found him in improved health; as they entered he was just tuning his old violin.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lee; good morning, Charlie: I am glad to see you," he said, rising from his bench.

"You are able to work again, I see," said Mrs. Lee. "We have brought you a basket of fruit, and Sarah sent you a loaf of her new bread."

"Thank you, ma'am: the people from the village have been very kind to me in my illness;

but this morning I felt sadly down-hearted, and was trying to get a little comfort out of my old friend," he said, tenderly placing his old fingers on its strings. "But the sight of your kind face and Charlie's honest eyes have done me good. While I sit at my bench to-day, the fine fruit and Sarah's nice bread shall keep me from thinking what a lonely old fellow I am, while I have such good friends to walk all the way from the village, with kind words and cheer."

"At the same time, my friend, remember the good God, who made this beautiful earth to produce fruit and flowers, to gladden rich and poor," said Mrs. Lee, as she looked at her watch, and found they must return to be in time for school.

She left Charlie at his school-house yard, and walked home alone to meet her little ones, gathering about her door. Nearly all these children were of the ages of the little Leroys; but for an hour each day, Annie Dennison, who was too frail to attend the high school, recited her lessons to Mrs. Lee.

Such a woman as Mrs. Lee has an influence over young hearts, calculated to call out all the

noblest points of character ; of sound judgment, yet so interested in all the trifling events that make up the days of childhood, that all her teachings are pleasant to them, and in after years will be cherished sacredly.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE EVENING SINGING SCHOOL.

"What then remains but well our power to use,  
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?  
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail,  
When airs and flights and screams and scoldings fail."



FEW weeks later the air had grown cool, and the brown and seared leaves were falling from the trees. Emma, Belle, and Ellen were walking quickly home from school, eagerly talking of the singing school that was to commence that evening; they were so interested in their conversation that Phil Pomroy stole up behind them, and pinned the shawls of Belle and Emma together with a long, faded ribbon he had found in the street, without their having a suspicion of his being near them. After accomplishing his mischief, to the great amusement of a group of boys and girls behind,

who with suppressed laughter witnessed his stealthy movements, he walked beside Belle, saying, "Now, girls, of course you will be charmed with my singing to-night. You know how well I can sing 'Old Hundred,' my only tune, and that my voice is as clear and musical as a frog's on a spring morning."

At remembrance of some of Phil's attempts at singing, the girls laughed heartily, for he could not even whistle a tune.

"Now, that's what I call discouraging my musical talents, to laugh in my face in this manner. But I tell you what it is, girls, I know what will make your voices as clear as nightingales; 't is pickles. To-night I'll carry a quantity of mother's pickled cucumbers to give you at recess. Now I guess you will be glad to see me at the singing school, if you don't have much opinion of my vocal powers."

"Mind you keep them out of sight until recess, or they may grace the table of the singing master's wife, instead of adding sweetness to our charming voices," said Emma warningly.

As Ellen reached the house, and turned towards

the gate, she discovered Phil's mischief. "Stop, girls," she cried; "this horrid boy has pinned a ribbon to each of you."

Emma's pride was touched at the ridiculous figure she had made, walking through the village; but Belle laughed heartily at the joke.

Phil stood by, looking the picture of innocence. "Why, I'm sure I meant no harm; we boys always call Belle Thornton and Emma Dearborn the 'Siamese Twins,' and so I pinned the ribbon to you as an emblem of your friendship."

This was a lucky thought of Phil's, and smoothed Emma's ruffled plumage. It was impossible to keep angry with Phil for any length of time; so that by the hour all were gathered in the hall, waiting for the singing master to call them to their seats by a loud rap on his music rack, Belle, Emma, and Phil were the best of friends again.

"Good evening, Harry!" shouted a dozen voices round the big stove in the hall, as Harry Moore entered, with a carefully covered tin box in his hand. His cheeks were glowing from healthful exercise; for ever since his supper he

had been rambling through the woods, down to the shore, collecting all sorts of mosses, insects, and minerals, and only reached the village, after his long jaunt, in time to join the singing class.

"What venomous reptile have you concealed in that precious box of treasures?" asked Phil. "Really, sir, I'm almost afraid to come near you, lest the fiery eye or poisonous tongue of some ugly serpent, which has been the pet of your walk, and now rests within after your caresses, should assail me."

Emma Dearborn hastened to her cousin's side, throwing a glance into his face which assured him that she at least felt an interest in his possessions. It was pleasant to see how the mutual understanding between these cousins helped them out of any difficulty.

Thus encouraged, he lifted the lid, and soon the boys and girls were round admiring the beautiful colored mosses and pebbles, and some late and rare gentians he had found in sheltered nooks even thus late in the autumn. The face of the boy became handsome as he grew animated, and his bright eye sparkled with enthusiasm while describing his walk.



A signal from the teacher, who had just entered, sent all quietly to their seats, and in a short time the youthful voices filled the old hall with melody.

Once, in the early part of the evening, Phil could not resist the temptation of attracting the attention of Belle and Emma to a particularly nice green pickle he had in store for them at recess. But a warning glance from the latter soon caused him to drop it out of sight until recess, when they had rare sport round the big stove, with Phil and his delicious pickles.

The full hunters' moon was shining brightly on the village, as they emerged from the hall; each high rock standing out in bold relief, like a huge castle or frowning battlement, the moon tingeing with its lustre each shining ripple of the river, and shedding its silvery beams on the homes of the children. Such scenery could not fail to impress itself on the memory of the most thoughtless among the throng, who wended their way homeward that beautiful autumn night.

A few weeks later, just at the opening of winter, a sad accident happened to a poor young fisherman, whose family were dependent on the

success which he had in going out daily for fish, and disposing of them in the town. The weather had become boisterous, and he had been warned that his boat was hardly seaworthy ; but necessity compelled him to earn what he could for his wife and his children. At his usual hour of returning, his wife placed the evening meal upon the table, but he did not come. As twilight deepened into darkness, she began to listen anxiously for every footstep, thinking it must be that of her husband. Another hour passed ; leaving her sleeping children in their little beds, she went to the rude porch of her dwelling, eagerly questioning every passer-by, to learn if they had seen anything of him.

As the neighbors heard of her alarm, one after another dropped in ; and as the hour passed, the poor woman read on their faces the confirmation of her worst fears. At each gust of wind, she would start from her chair, press her young face close to the window-pane, and at an approaching footstep rush frantically to the door, and return to kiss the faces of the babes, all unconscious of her sorrow.

A kind-hearted neighbor remained during the night, vainly endeavoring to soothe her with hopes of her husband's safety, but no sleep visited her pillow; and the empty boat which floated into shore at sunrise told the sorrowful tale that her husband was drowned, and she a penniless widow.

Like an electric thrill, the news went to the hearts of the people of Chocorua. He was not a native of the place, but his life had been a quiet, humble, and honest one; he was poor, but respectable and industrious.

The sympathy of kind-hearted Belle Thornton was fully aroused. Seeking her friend Emma, — for it was on Saturday, and therefore not a school day, — she told her that Mrs. Lee, whom she had just met, had said that for a time the fingers of the village ladies must be busy preparing winter garments for the poor widow and her children.

"Now, Emma, why can't we start a sewing circle of our own to help along, as Mrs. Lee says that many ladies are either absent from town or very much engaged at home?"

"I am sure your plan will work; and if we

need other help to plan or cut for us, Mrs. Lee or Miss Goodwin would be willing, I'm sure, to assist us. Let us go now, to talk this over with Mrs. Lee."

They found her at home, and Charlie with her reading aloud. "I heartily approve of your plan, girls," replied Mrs. Lee, after they had acquainted her with their ideas. "But you will need funds for the purchase of materials."

"I'll manage that," said Belle: "as soon as I get home, I will draw up a paper, take it to papa to head the list, and then carry it among all our friends; and I mean to get enough to buy wood too."

"Bravo, Belle!" said Charlie as she finished, almost out of breath in her eagerness. "I sha'n't have to turn parson to preach a sermon to you on charity to-day, I see." And he looked with pleasure towards the young girl, who, though light-hearted and gay, was full of true benevolence.

"I am not all nonsense, Mrs. Lee, if I am a naughty, gay girl sometimes. Grandpa says I am still his 'spirit of mischief'; but the dear old

soul loves me just as well, for all that. So, Charlie, don't make your mother think I am good for nothing," said Belle, laughing.

Annie Dennison had come in, and been a listener to a part of the conversation.

"Here, Belle," she said, "let me put down something on your contribution list: I am not able to assist much in the sewing, but here is a gold coin father gave me yesterday. I am sure it could not be put to a better use."

"You dear, generous girl!" And the impulsive Belle, regardless that others were near them, threw her arms about Annie's neck, and imprinted a warm kiss on her pale brow. The two young missionaries started out full of hope; on their way they met Fitz Sinclair. Telling him their errand, he asked, "Can't we boys help you in some way?"

"Yes, indeed you can, if you will saw and split the wood we mean to buy; that will enable us to have more money for the widow."

"That we can do; catch the boys of Chocorua to be left behind in this enterprise."

No one ever refused Belle anything, and the

contributions were all she could desire. Ellen cheerfully accepted the office of president of their society, and proved wholly equal to the task.

Fitz, Harry, Charlie, and Phil were anxious to do all in their power. With willing hands, out of school hours they sawed, split, and housed the wood purchased; by reading an interesting book, running on errands, and holding yarn to be wound, they made themselves generally useful, when they met with the girls in the evening; and before long the widow and her children had warm clothing and plenty of wood, while the older ladies of the village gave her sewing, that she might assist in her own support. It was a lesson in true benevolence to the young people, and one they never forgot.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NEW-YEAR'S SLEIGH RIDE.

"The wave is breaking on the shore,  
The echo fading from the chime;  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time!"



R. DUDLEY had promised the scholars that if the sleighing was good on New-Year's day, they should have a drive to a neighboring village. The sun was clear and bright on the first morning of January; although the thermometer indicated severe cold, yet it in no wise dampened the ardor of the young people for their drive. The expense was to be equally divided among the party. There were comparatively few families in the town who were poor, yet there were some children belonging to the school whose parents Mr. Dudley knew could ill afford at this season of the year the expense

required. Some weeks before, he had resolved that this should not be a cause for disappointing any one. He had therefore enclosed in envelopes the amount needed, purporting the gift to be from Santa Claus, and sent it so that on Christmas morning each child possessed the money for the drive, without knowing to whom he was indebted for the kindness. Mr. Dudley had not a deep purse, but his generous heart prompted him to many a secret charity.

By two o'clock the teacher with his happy pupils were all assembled at the school-room, awaiting the arrival of the sleighs.

A "Happy New Year" from a chorus of young voices greeted the entrance of Mr. Greenleaf.

"Many, many happy returns of the same to each and all of you," returned their pastor. "What a glorious day for your drive, my children! the sleighing is fine, and the air is cold enough to make rosy cheeks."

Just then the merry jingle of bells caused a rush for the windows. All being wrapped in warm clothing, they clambered into the sleighs, among abundant buffalo robes, and hot freestones for their feet.



The horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the party, impatiently shaking the red, white, and blue streamers upon their heads, and pawing the snow with restless feet.

As soon as the words "All right" were spoken by the teacher, they dashed down the main street of the village, the sound of the merry bells calling all to the windows of the houses as they passed.

Even Annie Dennison was among them, so carefully wrapped up in clothing and furs by her kind mother that little save her bright eyes could be seen of her face.

In an hour and a half they drove safely up to the hotel of the next town. Here a wholesome supper had been spoken for, which all enjoyed heartily; after which Belle amused them by one of her famous tricks of fortune-telling, much to the delight of even Mr. Dudley.

And now supper was over, and all ascended to the hall above. As they went up the stairs, the sound of a violin reached them, and a well-warmed and lighted hall invited to a merry dance on New-Year's evening.

When the teacher led Belle to a seat, who had been his partner for the last dance, he found that the time had expired which he had allowed for dancing, and all cheerfully consented to the decision that it was time to prepare for a homeward drive.

Not until Mr. Dudley was quite sure that each scholar was carefully dressed for the cold night air, the freestones freshly heated, and all right for the trip, did he give orders for the horses to be brought to the door. Then, with his own hand tenderly wrapping a warm robe round the frail form of Annie, and providing the most sheltered seat for her, he gave the signal to drive on; the boys shouting "Good night!" to the hospitable landlord, as they drove out of sight.

As they drove on in the moonlight, Phil said, "Let's see if we can tell what Belle said our fortunes were to be. You first, Mr. Dudley: what was yours, — fortune, friends, and ten horses?"

"Children, children!" shouted the girls in correction.

"Oh, fie! he has enough of them while he has

us; horses would be ever so much better, would they not, Mr. Dudley?" said Phil.

"For moonlight drives on New-Year's eve, surely," said Mr. Dudley.

"And you prophesy Charlie Lee will be a minister, and marry some demure young lady of his congregation," continued their teacher.

"Yes, sir," said Belle, though the sly puss looked roguishly at Charlie, to see how he liked the prophecy.

"Supposing I am a minister, I don't see why I must choose a sober wife, when I marry. I think ministers have so much that is serious in their lives, they need cheerful companions at home to keep them from growing stupid. But, Belle, you seem to feel sure that Phil Pomroy will grow rich and great," said Charlie.

"Of course: he must fulfil all the promises he has made to us boys and girls, when we shall have grown up. Why, old Chocorua is to be made proud by his wealth and munificent gifts, when he becomes that famous merchant prince he dreams of by day and night."

"And Fitz, your prophecy is to lead a noble

life of self-sacrifice for the good of others," said Mr. Dudley. "A pretty good opinion she has of you, Fitz."

"Better, perhaps, than I may deserve in the future, sir; but she has good things in store for Emma also. She is to be a gay and accomplished lady, and move in a fashionable circle; so, as Chocorua don't boast of beauty and fashion, I suppose she will be missed from 'our circle' and be a 'bright particular star' in some distant city."

"And here is the dear little body cuddled up so warmly by my side; to you, Annie, our prophetess gave an enviable fate. Your life is to be so pure and sweet that its fragrance shall draw us all to you, and our lives become higher and holier by your presence among us," said Mr. Dudley as he looked lovingly down upon the sweet, upturned face beside him, and added, "I hardly know what fate you pronounced upon Ellen."

"On me, Mr. Dudley? didn't you hear Belle describe the morals of a truly good old maid, going about from home to home, nursing the

babies and smoothing domestic jars, which is to be my duty and pleasure in the future."

All laughed at Ellen's remark, which served to draw attention from Annie, as she desired.

"And I am to become a sort of lunatic, I should judge," said Harry Moore, "absorbed in books, going about with green goggles, journeying hither and thither over the face of the earth, in pursuit of bugs and beetles."

Another good laugh at the grotesque figure predicted; in the midst of which Phil claimed he had the power of foretelling future events by just looking at a hand, if it be but one moment withdrawn from a warm fur prison of a muff, even if said hand was encased in glove or mitten; to prove which, he immediately possessed himself of one of Belle's, who sat next him.

"Here is a life full of adventure," said he: "she will flirt desperately through youth, grow disgusted with life, and marry some whimsical old bachelor at last, making his life miserable by her melancholy and unhappy disposition; finally he will desert her, and she will come home to the friends of her youth, and die repenting of her

follies, especially of the desperate jokes she has made this night at our expense."

"You miserable boy," laughed Belle, "I will turn your fairy godmother out of pure malice, and take away all the success I had promised you, for the naughty tricks you are always playing on me."

"I will have my revenge on you for some of your shabby jokes ; look out next summer, young man, when you eat cherries, or you may find them seasoned with pepper," said Emma.

"This reminds me," replied Belle, "that I came provided with a nice basket of doughnuts. Mr. Dudley, will you please pass me that basket under your seat?"

"That's tiptop ! I know what good ones you make at your house," said Phil, as Belle tossed them around to avoid moving from her seat. She selected a particularly nice and large one for Phil, who, on raising it to his mouth, uttered a howl worthy of one of the canine species ; for the plump doughnut, previous to frying, had been stuffed full of cotton wool by Belle, on purpose to play a joke on this notorious rogue. With mouth wide open,

the cotton wool sticking fast to his teeth, he presented a ludicrous picture in the moonlight.

"Oh, you cruel girl!" he said when the shouts of laughter had somewhat subsided, "who but a female tormentor could have devised such a humbug to try the nerves of a delicate youth in such a manner?"

"Now, Phil, the Siamese Twins are revenged; they can afford to be magnanimous after such a victory, so please take this as a peace offering, which I assure you was made by mamma, in her very best way," as she passed him a nicely browned cake.

"I acknowledge the justice of the warfare, and give up my sword gracefully; and now for the peace-offering, or I shall get ferocious after my surrender."

"I wouldn't waste so much ammunition," said Ellen in her slow, quiet manner; "I would save my powder for more worthy fighting."

"These bloodless battles, my children, where no hard feelings are engendered, are pleasant to look on; and I am happy to say my boys and girls keep cool under fire, and only strengthen

their friendship by the broadsides of fun and frolic they hurl at each other."

"But look, we are nearly home; how the old church spire glistens, and how cheerful our homes look nestling under the shadow of the hills!"

"This evening, dear children, has been one of unalloyed happiness; and let each resolve on this New-Year's night to battle with every evil passion within, and to return by your good conduct the favors your kind parents have so generously bestowed. Not by living to ourselves alone will the coming year prove a happy one, but by caring for the welfare of all about us."

"Now for a vote of thanks to Mr. Dudley, for all this evening's entertainments," said Harry Moore

"I second the motion," said Phil; "all in favor say 'Ay.'" And Mr. Dudley acknowledged the courtesy by rising and lifting his hat.

Just as the clock struck nine, they drove to the school-house door, and the evening's pleasure became a memory to be cherished when the New-Year's drive should belong to the "long ago."

And the timely words of their teacher, spoken



in love, as they well knew, sunk deep into fertile soil. In after years the pleasure of the evening would remind them kindly of one who mingled instruction and true religion with the enjoyment of the hour.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN CALIFORNIA.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the roaring breeze,  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free;  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we."

**D**URING the winter, Mr. Dudley received from a dear friend of his, who was travelling through California to regain his health (which had been injured by too close application to business), a package of papers written, as he informed him, for the express purpose of giving an hour's entertainment to the young people of the village, at some of their weekly meetings of the literary circle. He commenced by saying:—

"I shall never forget the pleasure I enjoyed at

the evening gatherings of your boys and girls, listening to the declamations, dialogues, and debates, and particularly to the Gazette, the contributions to its columns doing them so much credit. And when some interested friend sent a few lines to show that when separated by distance, they were still remembered, this evidence of friendship always received a welcome reception. Since my arrival in California, I determined to send, not a regular journal of my travels in, and voyage to, this beautiful country, but a few facts, incidents, and an occasional word descriptive of this land, so richly endowed by nature. I can in fancy see you all gathered in your spacious school-room, rosy cheeks and bright eyes, radiant with health and happiness! and if I did not so well enjoy the winter here, could wish myself once more the guest of you and your kind teacher, so as to again make one of your number, to be refreshed by the cheering hospitality of your youthful hearts. Some time since, in my travels through the mountain passes, I unexpectedly came upon a company of 'gold diggers,' and among them

were some boys from Chocorua. You may judge of my pleasure and surprise at meeting them, though rough and sunburned, attired in slouched hats, with long beards, and pants inside their rubber boots, presenting an appearance ill suited to a parlor, but admirably adapted to a wild life among the mountains. But of our meeting I will write more at length by and by. Your teacher well knows my object in leaving business for a sea voyage; and then to travel through California was to regain lost health and spirits. So in company with two friends, who for pleasure and profit concluded to accompany me, in my wanderings by sea and land, we started from New York in a steamer going by the Nicaragua route. The morning we went on board the good ship, that bore us in safety to our destination, was as clear and delightful as could have been desired, and we felt like exclaiming with the poet, —

‘But see, the bent topsails are ready to swell:

To the boat — I am with thee; Columbia, farewell!’

“After the waving of handkerchiefs to friends on the wharf had ceased, to keep off all homesick thoughts I busied myself in observing our fellow-

passengers. Among them were several ladies, and three children; wives taking their little ones to meet fathers who for months had toiled among the mines, and had longed for the dear ones at home enough to wish them to endure the tedious journey necessary to join them. Two of the children were mere infants; but the eldest was a lovely child of some five or six summers, — a fairy-like creature, with deep-blue eyes and flaxen curls, flitting gracefully about the deck. We soon became acquainted; and she eagerly informed me that the pretty lady with curls was her mamma, and they were going all the way in the big ship, till they met the donkeys, and then should ride on their backs ever and ever so far, until they met dear papa, who would put them in another nice ship and carry them to his pretty house in the country. I asked the little one if she was glad to go. 'Oh, yes,' she replied: 'papa wrote me a letter all about the flowers around the house, and the birds with bright feathers, and told me I could pick all the oranges and bananas I pleased from the trees; and that the ground sparkles like the stars with gold. I thought the gold dollars

mamma has in her purse grew in the earth there, and papa dug for them. I think God might have made them, just as well as the homely little stones mamma showed me that came from the mines.'

"In pleasant conversation with the child the hours to sunset rolled on, old Ocean being on her best behavior. But before morning her amiability became ruffled, and tossed our stanch vessel angrily on her bosom. During the next day less smiling faces were seen, and at last the deck became anything but a festive scene, many retiring to their state-rooms until health and happiness should take the place of the horrors of sea-sickness. My little pet and I were among the first to recover; and as I caught her eager look toward the deck, I told her to beg her mother, who was still an inmate of her state-room, to intrust her to my care. The other passengers gradually regained health, and a more companionable, happy party seldom, I think, have the good fortune to travel together on shipboard. The steerage passengers, from their limited accommodations, often excited my pity. We encountered but one severe storm during the voyage. The officers were

pleasant and obliging, and the sailors an orderly, good-tempered set of men as ever spun sea-yarns or pulled a rope. These men, some of them rough and uncouth in appearance, regarded my little fairy friend almost as an angel, and her white throat and dimpled fingers were encircled with all sorts of little ornaments carved of bone, ivory, and silver pieces by the sailors in their leisure moments; while in return, Eva with her tiny fingers wrought mottoes and keepsakes for the sweethearts, wives, and children they talked so much of meeting when they should return home.

"I overheard an old gray-headed sailor one day remark, as the child clasped her hands in delight at sight of a flying fish, 'No ship could go down with that angel on board.'

"One sad event occurred during the voyage: a young and promising sailor, in the performance of some duty at the mast-head, lost his hold, and fell headlong to the deck. The skill of the ship's surgeon was of no avail. Life was extinct when his messmates hastened to his side. Without one farewell word to them, or message to the dear widowed mother

at home, his soul went back to God. From his exemplary conduct, he was universally respected by all on board. After having been carefully prepared for burial, his body, wrapped in canvas, was placed on a litter on deck, all gathering round to listen to the burial service, read by the captain. Many a silent tear fell from eyes unused to weeping, as little Eva gently pushed her way through the crowd to place upon his breast a lovely rosebud, gathered from her own pet plant, which her mother had allowed her to bring on board to amuse her during the voyage, on account of her great love for it. How sweet will be the memory to that widowed mother, when the sad news of her boy's death reaches her, that he deserved the tears of his companions, the respect of the officers and passengers, and that a child's loving fingers placed upon his bier a sweet floral tribute!

"After an otherwise prosperous voyage, we anchored in the mouth of San Juan River, where steamers remain several days, waiting for smaller boats to convey their passengers up the river. Here we were allowed to go



on shore as often as we pleased. The trees and shrubs were so peculiar, and unlike any we had seen before, that it gave us great pleasure to observe them. One in particular, that in the manner of its growth resembles an outspread umbrella, attracted our attention. The foliage of this region is green, but with an orange tinge. A plant resembling the brake often grows to the height of twenty feet here.

"The buildings are low, with thatched roofs extending over the doors. They are built of bamboo or cane, are small, and square in form. Many old buildings have no windows; some have shingled roofs and glass windows. They seldom contained more than two rooms, and these neither lathed nor plastered. The only unpleasant feature of our stay here was that the sailors and steerage passengers, when on shore, would sometimes visit the drinking-saloons, and return to the boat intoxicated. One good-hearted fellow became disorderly, and was obliged to be put in irons. It was not uncommon to see alligators around the steamer, and we almost wondered how the native women dared wash their

clothes on the river bank. The natives here are an indolent, half-naked race.

"I invited the mother of my pretty Eva to join a small party of the passengers, who proposed going in one of the ship's boats to a beautiful green island, a short distance up the river, to enjoy a day in picnicking. Our obliging captain, knowing we might remain here a few days longer before the small river steamboats came down to relieve him of his passengers, gladly consented to this plan: anxious, as usual, to render us all assistance in his power to make the time pass pleasantly. The next morning the sun rose gloriously, and the air was redolent with the spicy perfume of the fruits and flowers on shore. The captain had ordered lunch-baskets to be filled with the best provision the ship afforded, and the cook did justice to his skill in the preparation of various viands for our day's refreshment. I had on board a shelter tent, for my travels in California. This we proposed to take with us, as in this vicinity the foliage of the trees is not much protection, being mostly of the palm and cocoanut, with other tropical fruit trees, many of which grow

to a great height, but have foliage only at the topmost branches; one species growing very high, without foliage, only at its summit a round collection of leaves intermingled with blue and white flowers.

"The boat being lowered from the steamer's side and loaded with our provisions, tent, and other articles, we soon went down the ship's ladder and packed ourselves among them, a merry, happy company; and as we rowed away to our island amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the passengers on board the steamer, and many wishes that the excursion might prove a pleasant one, the joy of little Eva made her countenance bright as a sunbeam.

"The island to which we were rowed was inhabited by an American family, who as we approached came out to welcome us, and had unfurled to the breeze our country's flag; and as the folds of red, white, and blue fluttered in the spicy air, our hats went off, and with hearty cheers we welcomed the sight of the dear old banner of America. It was not for the want of a cordial invitation from the inmates of the pleasant cabin upon the

island that we did not become their guests for the day, their cordial greeting to us, though strangers yet countrymen, being truly hospitable ; but we had come to spend the day out of doors, in the wild delight of wandering at our pleasure among the tropical plants and fruits about us. Finding a suitable spot, we pitched the tent and commenced in earnest to enjoy the novel pleasures of the island. It was a satisfaction to all of us to see the delight of Eva. Once I almost lost sight of her in a species of sugar-cane that grew near the shore. Then a scream of delight from the happy child would startle from its retreat some bird of gay plumage, and its brilliant colors as it flew over us pleased her greatly. With her little apron gathered up in her hands, she stood ready to receive the golden oranges and ripe bananas, and decked herself and others with the beautiful flowers growing near. Once, while strolling round the island with her, we discovered a plant nearly twenty feet high, having leaves resembling corn ; at the top a large, bright-red flower, about eighteen inches broad and two feet in length, without perfume : it is really a sort of burr.

"During the heat of the day, the tent afforded an agreeable retreat. The lunch-baskets were opened, and found filled with the captain's usual liberality and thoughtfulness. This, with the addition of the fruits we had gathered, formed a delicious repast, most acceptable to us.

"To the great delight of Eva, we were amused by the frolics of a monkey in a tree near by; chattering and tumbling about among the branches in a way that would have delighted the audience of a showman, could he have transported tree and monkey to his tent. Before returning to the boat in the cool of the evening, we spent some time at the cabin of the American, and became interested in himself and family, and in their pursuits. After a day happily spent, we returned to the steamer, to receive the congratulations of the passengers.

"The next morning the river boats came to convey us on our journey. After the ample accommodations we had known on board the steamer, the discomforts would have been almost unendurable, had it not been for the beautiful and ever-varying scenery on the river banks. When

we reached Machuca Rapids, we were obliged to land, place our baggage in Indian 'bongos,' and ourselves walk through a shaded path about a mile. This was rather agreeable than otherwise; the infants being carried willingly by the strong arms of the men in the party, when they would leave their mothers by coaxing words. Above the rapids we found rude shanties, where for exorbitant prices we procured some refreshment. Arriving at Castillo, we went on board a roomy, clean steamer for Lake Nicaragua. We had an opportunity to admire the old Spanish fort here, now a ruin, where the half-clad Indian walks under the floating stars and stripes, put up by the Americans who have come here to dwell. Beyond, the mountain-tops loomed up in the distance.

"Again we were obliged to leave the steamer and walk two miles to reach Virgin's Bay. For the women and children, who were enduring so much to reach their husbands and fathers, this seemed hard; but the mothers had counted the cost, and to the credit of my fellow-travellers let me say, never was the help the stronger

owes to the weaker given with a more cheerful and willing spirit. The delicate woman was encouraged to lean heavily on the arm of the strong man, while the babes were carried tenderly along, to relieve the tired mother. As to Eva, it was often a struggle for her to decide whose turn it was to perch her on his shoulder, where her gay, childish prattle enlivened, rather than her weight wearied, her bearer. Only a few really suffered, and those were some who had become ill on the journey. Even the babes did credit to their race, and but few unpleasant notes were sounded by them during the walk.

"We found Virgin's Bay a wild, rough spot; even my little Eva clung fast to her mamma, as though she feared some attack from man or beast. Here we found mules in readiness to convey ourselves and baggage to San Juan del Sud, a distance of twelve miles. Our baggage was transferred from the 'bongos' to the backs of these animals, and fastened securely there. After the whole party were mounted on our rude saddles, we started on the long ride that was to lead us

to the Pacific steamers for Sacramento City. On the rough road we encountered no serious accident, though the mules played us some few characteristic tricks; but most of them were more amusing than alarming. Their contrary dispositions were sometimes trying to the patience of their riders; but what should we have done without the strong and after all much-abused animals? Eva fairly overcame the natural disposition of the mule she rode beside her mother, just as she influenced all human beings, by her gentle caresses, so that he became as docile as a lamb. When we came in sight of the blue waters of the Pacific, her childish joy knew no bounds; and when we reached San Juan del Sud, and were met by a noble-featured, sun-browned man, with one glad cry she sprang from the back of the faithful mule into her father's arms. Flaxen curls and rosy cheeks were pressed in a fond embrace of parental love. The delicate mother and sweet child no longer needed our protection. They had found their greatest earthly treasure, for which they had come so far, and endured willingly fatigue and exposure; not the sparkling



gold from the mine, but that priceless gem, the faithful, loving heart of a strong, true husband and father.

"Once on board the ocean steamer bound for Sacramento City, the voyage was made without disastrous consequences; and as we neared the shores of the golden land of promise, the hearts of all beat quickly. On the mountain slopes the deer and other animals peculiar to the country were grazing, and dotting the plain here and there, were rude huts and pretty cottages.

"The arrival of the ship in port was attended with the noise and confusion always observable at such times. Soon our feet pressed the shore of the land we had so long dreamed of. The city has much changed in the two years since your boys arrived there in a sailing vessel, and were six months going round by the perilous route of Cape Horn. Now the city of San Francisco exhibits what enterprise and energy can develop in so short a time. We remained in the city long enough to become well acquainted with its attractions; and also to ascertain that in its numerous allurements to vice, young men here, far from

home influence, are exposed to fearful temptations.

"Going out into the mining districts was the next step in our travels; and for this we went into the mountain drifts and gorges, often being obliged to make almost perilous leaps over the rocks and chasms to find some rift that had invited the searcher for gold to seek there for treasure. It was while taking a view from a spur of the mountain, we saw in the distance, on a level spot of green, smoke curling from the lodge of a hunter or miner. As we were in the pursuit of a resting-place for the night, and a suitable place for our mules to graze, we determined to reach the encampment. We urged our tired animals on, sure of a welcome, as we always were from either. Judge of my surprise to find among them one or two old acquaintances of Chocorua days. They were busily employed preparing supper; but they extended to us a cordial hospitality, urging us to dismount and refresh ourselves and mules. Cool water was brought us from a spring near by, to drink and wash in; our mules well cared for, and then we were invited to sit around

their rude board to partake of the evening meal. Venison steak, hot from the coals of their camp-fire, with such comforts as fall to the miner's lot, regaled us while we answered, as well as we were able, the many and eager questions asked of the 'States' and home. We imparted to them all the latest news of the world in general, and Chocorua in particular.

"We lingered about the camp-fire until a late hour, when, after a look to assure ourselves of the safety of our mules, we lay down to a refreshing night's rest among friends, instead of strangers as we had anticipated.

"After partaking of an ample breakfast, to which we were able to add some luxuries from our stores, we were interested in watching the operations employed to obtain the particles of gold from the dross of the earth. Here we saw the mortar and water-pipe, riffle board and other conveniences, to crush the rock, and to wash and separate the ore by means of quicksilver. They told us the expedients resorted to in order to secure their treasure after it is dug, — in secret natural safes, in holes and under rocks, to protect it

from the robbers and Indians who infest the mountains. We at length, after bidding them a reluctant adieu, mounted our mules and pursued our travels. You may rest assured the appearance of the 'boys' indicated good health; and we should judge their fortune had been, on the whole, better than the average of gold seekers. We heard no low language or profanity among them, which we attributed to the good home influence and church and school training of your village.

"After this, we travelled with our guide over mountains and prairies, observing the natives and their pursuits, as well as the climate and scenery. On the prairies we often encountered vast herds of buffaloes, and saw the graceful deer bounding along in pursuit of water. Sometimes we were disturbed at night by the howling of wolves, or the whoop of an Indian, yet beyond a scare we were never molested. We often came upon Indian villages, and found the natives at their various pursuits. We had provided ourselves with numerous small articles of which they are so fond, — such as beads, knives, and little ornaments, — and from them often obtained fish and

game. In some tribes we found the women engaged in extensive gathering of acorns, in large, cone-shaped baskets of their own manufacture. Occasionally we were invited to partake of a dog feast with them, which we respectfully declined, much preferring the meat of the deer, buffalo, or bear. The Snake Indians live in loosely made huts of the sage-bush, and array themselves in the skin of the rabbit which lives in the bush, subsisting mostly on acorns and roots. Some tribes seem too indolent and shiftless to make themselves comfortable in the least degree, caring nothing for hunting and fishing, or well-built lodges.

"We enjoyed our rides over the prairies vastly, the fragrance and beauty of the flowers adding much to our delight. I often thought how your young naturalist, Harry Moore, would have revelled in the profusion of floral magnificence nature here provides. The California poppy alone makes the prairie gorgeous with its golden blossoms. We observed one curious vine in our travels, on the Nicaragua River, of which I neglected to speak; it is about the size of, and

resembles a bed-cord, stretching often in a straight line from the top to the bottom of a tall tree, sometimes twisting and coiling itself gracefully from tree to tree.

"It was an amusing sight to come suddenly upon a village of prairie-dogs, their guards mounted on the top of their little houses or mounds of earth, ready to give the shrill bark or signal of danger, when all heads instantly disappear from view in their burrows.

"The hot spring called 'Steamboat Spring' is a great natural curiosity, from an opening in the rock sending up a jet of water, sometimes rising to the height of three feet. The water is hot, and within two yards from this jet is a small hole, from which escapes hot air at regular intervals, with a light wreath of smoke. There is a scent of gas from it, often causing giddiness if one stoops to inhale it.

"On the border of a lake we found Indians living in large round huts nearly twenty feet in diameter; the tops being rounded, and having a door by which they descend into the interior. Their shoes were made of grass or straw, and

the women wore on their heads a closely woven basket as a sort of cap or head-dress. We often caught and feasted on the delicious salmon trout with which the rivers abound. At night, from our encampment round our camp-fires, we listened to the wild, monotonous song or chant of the Indians, at some favorite game in their villages. They always viewed us with curiosity, but seldom seemed disposed to do us harm, and as we were well provided with fire-arms for defence, and trinkets to conciliate them, they gave us no trouble.

"We are now back in San Francisco. Taken altogether, I consider this almost an 'Arcadian land'; fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and the spicy odors of the tropical fruits and shrubs, with a climate in general healthful and delightful. So, my dear friends, for the present at least, I shall remain here, having established a business; and with the health and strength derived from my travels and change of air and scene, I doubt not I shall be able to pursue and enjoy it. Therefore it may be years, if ever, that I again taste of hospitality from the

hands of friends in Chocorua; so to one and all I send greetings from the Pacific shore to the rock-bound but dearly cherished home washed by the waves of the blue Atlantic.

‘Breezes of the South!

Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,  
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,  
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not; ye have played  
Among the palms of Mexico and vines  
Of Sierras, and have crisped the limpid brooks  
That from the fountains of Sonora glide  
Into the calm Pacific; have ye fanned  
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?’

“These words of Bryant filled my soul in my travels over the widespread prairie land of California, and with them I close, hoping you may find some amusement from this brief description of what has given me so much pleasure the past few months.”

NOTE. — I am indebted to E. S. Capron's Journal from New York to California for descriptions of the scenery of this State.







**The Shipwreck.**





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WRECK OF THE "ST. JOHN."

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool;  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides,  
Like the horns of an angry bull."

**R**OOON after the New Year, there was a fearful storm for several days, particularly severe and disastrous, along the coast.

The shore bordering on Chocorua was very rough, and dangerous for vessels passing too near. Concealed ledges of rocks caused the loss of many a ship; and wrecks were frequent all along the cliffs and beaches. Since the visit of the party to the light-ship, a lighthouse had been completed upon a solid bed of rock, out among the breakers. Some fears were entertained lest the iron pillars, which were fastened to the rock to support the house above, would not be able to

stand the severity of the winter storms. The undertaking so far had been successful; and it was a delight for the mariner on stormy nights to hail the bright light.

"It is a fearful night on the coast!" said Mr. Dearborn, as he entered the sitting-room, after visiting his barn to see that all his animals had received proper care on such an inclement night. A bright lamp burned on the centre-table, while around it were seated his wife and Emma, busily sewing; and Cousin Harry, who was spending the night there, was reading aloud. A fire blazed on the hearth, on which shining brass andirons supported huge sticks of wood. So comfortable was all within, they did not realize the terrible severity of the storm. The sewing dropped from Emma's hands as she exclaimed, "I hope there will nothing happen to the lighthouse to-night! Only think how dreadful this storm must be to those poor men, shut up in that solitary place! Do you think there is really any danger of its being carried away by breakers?"

"There are some doubts whether a lighthouse can be made to stand against wind and wave, on

that rock ; this storm is the most severe of the winter, and it will be a great test of its strength," replied her father.

"If they are unable to keep the lamp burning, I feel afraid that you will hear of frightful wrecks by morning," said Harry.

"Two stout-hearted fellows are left there. The head light-keeper, I hear, is on shore, where he came for supplies, and was unable to return on account of the storm," replied Mr. Dearborn.

A knock at the outer door, and a neighbor called, saying he had been to the beach with the wreck-master ; that the lighthouse had so far weathered the storm, — a bright light shone from it, obscured at times by the fog and high waves dashing upon it. The bell could be distinctly heard warning the sailors of danger, showing that these brave fellows, at the peril of their own lives, were faithful to their duty. He described the storm as fearful, but no wrecks upon the coast. The family at Mr. Dearborn's retired, hoping the morning news would be cheering ; but the howling wind and rain falling in torrents all night drove sleep from the pillows of the

inhabitants of the village. Such a storm had not been known for years. At the morning devotions, Mr. Dearborn prayed for all who had been exposed to the terrors of the night. From the windows a sight could be seen that rarely would meet the eye in a lifetime : wharves and bridges were overflowed and fallen in ; the unusual fall of rain had filled the streets with water, so that a boat could float. Barrels and boxes from the wharves were seen everywhere, and even the wood-piles round the doors were scattered ; in some cases being found, after the storm and flood had abated, half a mile from their places.

A cow belonging to Mr. Dearborn, whose stall was in the barn cellar, was found in the morning with her head and shoulders just above water. Poor Mooley would soon have found a watery grave. As Harry stood at the window of the sitting-room, the wreck-master and his crew passed, drawing the life-boat.

"There must be a wreck," said Mr. Dearborn, going to the door. The men shouted through the storm, "The lighthouse has gone, and a wreck's off the beach !"

"That boat is poorly manned; others should go to assist on shore, if there are any survivors brought to land," said Mr. Dearborn.

"Shall I join them, sir?" asked Harry heroically. His uncle hesitated. If it had been his own son, he would have said yes. But though Harry was strong in limb and stout of heart, he did not feel he had a right to advise one so young to take the risk. Harry's keen eye understood his uncle's glance, and instantly going to the hall for rubber coat and boots, strode out manfully into the street. As Harry, struggling through the fierce gale, passed the residence of Dr. Lyman, Fitz Sinclair, standing by the window, thought at once Harry was on his way to the beach. "Can I go with Harry, Dr. Lyman?" asked Fitz. Not obtaining an immediate reply, the hot color mounted to the boy's cheek; but he restrained the disrespectful words that rose to his lips. Dr. Lyman, observing how firmly he commanded his temper, said, "Go, my boy, but you may witness some sights that would frighten a timid boy; I have no fear of your courage, or of your being in the way."

Keep close to Harry Moore: that boy always keeps cool in trying times. I have seen that myself," remarked the doctor, while Fitz was eagerly preparing to go.

Just as the boys reached the beach, the life-boat was launched upon the rough sea; for in the distance a dismantled ship could be seen driven upon the rocks, a helpless wreck. The booming of guns, and even a cry of human woe, came on the stormy waste. The boat with her gallant crew of stout hearts seemed like a thing of life; as she plunged madly among the breakers, it seemed impossible that any one on board would ever return, much less be able to rescue those on the ship. With breathless anxiety the people on shore waited her return, when suddenly, upon the white-capped waves, seeming a mere speck, tossed at the mercy of the elements, rising and falling on those mountain billows, the life-boat came in sight. She grounded upon the sand, bringing the poor fellows who had taken their lives in their hands to succor those in distress, and bearing the benumbed forms of several men and women, whom they found clinging to the



wreck. A shout of joy went up from the multitude for those saved, when it proved to be a heavily-laden emigrant ship.

Preparations had been made to receive the sufferers in a rough building, where a fire had been kindled. There were many eager to assist, Mr. Dudley with his good judgment directing every arrangement. Harry and Fitz did not stand idle. But there were still a number upon the wreck; and the wreck-master, with hoarse voice, was calling to have the boat manned again. Some were too much chilled to be of use, and for a moment it seemed doubtful if the number could be obtained to form a crew. Harry Moore, young though he was, had now determined to offer his help.

"Shall I go with you, Capt. Perry?" he asked firmly.

"Thank you, my lad, I think you would brave as heavy a sea as this, if duty called; jump on board, my hearty."

"I'm ready, too, sir," said Fitz, springing to his feet.

"Bravo, my lads; we are all right now, and may God land us in safety, or we die at our posts!"

The next hour was one the boys never forgot. Full of peril and danger to themselves, the sight of the poor beings clinging to mast and spar, while many had perished around them, made men of them for the hour, and brave ones too, as Capt. Perry in after years used to say when recounting the horrors of the scene.

When the boat reached the shore in safety again, Fitz and Harry were too much chilled and benumbed to notice particularly the faces of any of the rescued ones. Awhile after, when passing the rude bench on which the bruised body of the captain of the ill-fated ship had been placed, Fitz started back with a sudden cry. It was the earnest gaze of the man fixed upon him that had attracted the boy's notice. Feebly stretching out his arm, he beckoned Fitz to his side. It was Capt. Jewett, his step-father; and undoubtedly one reason of the disaster, as afterwards reported by the survivors, was, that the captain had been so much under the influence of wine as to be unable to command his ship.

Fitz was the image of his mother, and Capt. Jewett had recognized him in that way. "If I

am not mistaken, your name is Fitz Sinclair," he said. "We have met for the first time for years, and probably the last time. I knew you from the resemblance to your mother. For her sake let us be friends, the few days I have to live. Forgive the past, Fitz, inasmuch as I was to blame, and for your own sake curb your hot temper in future. My poor boy, in my bosom is the picture of your mother,—the woman I have loved, though fearfully wronged. My own property and hers being nearly exhausted, I took command of a ship, and this was my second voyage. Fitz, my boy, beware of the winecup; it has proved my ruin, almost broken the heart of a fine woman, and driven you from home when a mere child."

Fitz wiped the drops from the sufferer's brow, saying, "I little thought of this, when Dr. Lyman charged me to do my duty if I came to this shore. Now I know what he will help me to do: to care for and provide a shelter for you while you need it." Sending a message to Dr. Lyman by some one returning to the village, he stayed with his father, who sank into a deep sleep.

Harry and Fitz awaited the arrival of conveyances from the village, as the storm had somewhat abated. Orders came for Fitz to bring his father direct to Chestnut Hill, where he was faithfully nursed the few days he lived.

The next day, Mr. Dudley walked with a number of his scholars to the beach. The storm had now entirely ceased, but the ocean was still wild, and tossed its huge billows on the rocky shore. The bodies washed ashore had not been placed in the rude coffins prepared for them, but lay upon the beach in regular order, thirty in number; there were men, women, and children. Death came to them in full health, and there was no trace of sickness on the upturned faces, now so cold and calm in their last sleep.

As Mr. Dudley stood beside his scholars, gazing on this sad spectacle, he thought of those who had left a distant home, full of hopes of a new life in the land of freedom, and of meeting many friends who were near and dear, who had come before them, and from whom they expected a warm welcome. No words rose to his lips, but his cheek paled and his lip quivered, and the

strong man was not ashamed to let fall a tear for the sad fate of the strangers, even in the presence of his young friends; and more than one of them were reminded of that verse of Scripture, "Jesus wept," and only loved their teacher more for his warm, true heart.

The following Sabbath was set apart for the burial of the dead. The rude boxes were placed in large wagons one upon another, and drawn up to the old church; and the church began to fill with an eager, sympathizing crowd. News of the disaster had reached the city, and many friends had come, hoping to hear tidings of some whom they thought might be among the rescued.

With faltering steps the good old pastor ascended the pulpit stairs, and then, with fervent prayer and words of consolation, counselled all to profit by the sad event; calling on all as it did for sympathy with the mourning friends, now among them, who had come to meet the living, or if denied that happiness, to be present at the last sad rites paid to the departed.

Few dry eyes were in the church that day. Even the choir and organ seemed to vibrate in

harmony with the bereaved hearts, as led by Belle's beautiful voice they sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." A Catholic priest from a neighboring town was to perform the services at the burial ground.

This was a scene the people of the village never forgot. A large lot in the strangers' corner had been prepared for the dead. The priest stood on a hillock, while around were the friends and people of the village.

By the side of one rude box, a brother and sister were kneeling. "What a welcome to America, my darling!" said the sister as she took from the fair young neck the sacredly prized scapular. Near them lay a dead mother, with her babe in her arms; the child lay as in a sweet sleep. Strong men lay there too, with fair young women by their sides, and their sorrowing friends only could weep over blighted hopes and prospects. The beautiful litany of the Catholic service over, the coffins were lowered into the graves, and dust given to dust, earth to earth, as the priest pronounced the last benediction. Slowly and sadly the people wended their way homeward,

many receiving into their homes temporarily the strangers thrown on their hospitality.

When Mr. Dudley met his scholars on Monday morning, they exchanged their greetings more quietly than usual. In his prayer he alluded to the events of the past week, trusting it might prove a lesson to all. In the few remarks he made, he recalled with admiration the heroism of his boys, whose bravery in a trying hour was worthy of all praise. "If through life they and all of you should be as prompt to act when duty calls, you will have no remorse for omissions to trouble your consciences," he said. "It has drawn heavily on our sympathies, my dear pupils, and few of us will ever forget the solemn and impressive scenes; and the 'Strangers' Corner' in our burial-ground will hereafter have for us a sadly interesting history."





## CHAPTER X.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED FARM-HOUSE.

"Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all,  
'Forever — never;  
Never — forever!'"

**T**WO years have passed since the events related in the last chapter. Belle and Emma are still at school, though they have developed into tall girls. Emma is sixteen and Belle almost seventeen years of age.

Belle's grandparents, who were fine old people, lived a mile out of the village, and at their home these two girls are intending to make a visit on the following Saturday.

"You have n't spent a day at grandpa's for a



long time: will you go on Saturday?" asked Belle, on their way to school.

"I should be delighted to do so, we always have such pleasant times there," Emma replied.

Some of the happiest recollections of Belle's childhood were connected with her grandparents, either at the old homestead, or beneath her father's roof when they visited Mr. Thornton's family.

She loved to recall the gray horse, now past labor, who plodded along in grandpa's old vehicle, and without being guided, turned as a matter of course to Belle's home; then of running to the door to see the old gentleman slowly descend from the high seat, always dressed in a light overcoat he had worn so carefully for years, leaving his patient horse, without fastening, to enjoy his nap while he was within. How well she enjoyed being caught in the old man's arms and carried on his shoulder into the house! Invariably the pockets of that light coat were filled for his "little spirit of mischief," as he often called her, before he left home, by his own or grandma's hands. Scrambling down from his shoulder, with what delight had her small fingers dived into the depths for

treasures! Then out would come the goodies children prize so much. The very best apples to be found in the barrels, with rosy cheeks; and the choicest sweetings, grandpa had selected; with his own hand he popped the corn in a faultless manner for his pet Belle. The sly child knew full well that when she had emptied one pocket, the other held the gifts from grandma. Such funny little gingerbread men and animals did she bake for Belle; crisp doughnuts in twists and braids, besides the odd little needle-books and pin-balls; while the best of all were the rag dolls, dressed in bits of grandma's dresses that she had worn years ago. All these were thought to be wonders of art in her childish years. The memories of these only remained for Belle now, for the full-grown girl had become almost a woman, and the grandparents so aged that their son urged them to leave the old homestead and pass the remainder of their lives with him; but so fondly did the old people cling to the spot which had been hallowed by joy and sorrow for so many years, that the devoted son made it the object of his life to render the life at the homestead free from care, and

surround his beloved parents with every comfort and luxury in his power. He provided a competent and kind man and woman to take charge of house and farm, and with almost daily visits gladdened the hearts of his venerable father and mother. This was the home to which Belle and Emma contemplated going.

"Why, you dear old dog, who told you I was going to grandma's to-day?" said Belle, as she turned from the glass where she was tying her hat. "You old beauty! you haven't forgotten what nice times we have romping over the fields; but remember, you are not to chase grandpa's chickens, or he will lift his great cane at you. Don't be afraid; he wouldn't hurt a fly, much more my dear old Trusty." Then, stooping down and taking his head between her plump hands, "Don't you wish grandma would forget how big and old we are getting, and feed us with gingerbread horses? for you know, Trusty, though I didn't let her see me, you enjoyed your share."

Trusty evidently agreed with all his young mistress said to him, as he evinced by intelligent

winks and wise turnings of his head. As she finished, he sprang up, placing both his huge paws on her shoulders, to the evident delight of his gay mistress.

Then, as Belle opened the door, he trotted quickly out, while she bade good morning to her mother, and met Emma at the gate equipped for her walk. Trusty kept close beside them as they walked through the thickly settled part of the village, carrying in his mouth, part of the way, a little basket of plums Belle had taken along for grandma; but as they got out farther, the fields and hillsides by the road invited him to a run. Belle understood the dog's tastes. "Here, Trusty, give me the basket; now away with you, and chase the rabbits and squirrels, but mind you don't hurt the poor things." Quickly he obeyed, and was soon bounding away over the hills, quite out of sight.

"I rather think that is Phil Pomroy galloping towards us: no one else rides at such a furious rate," said Emma.

"Good morning, girls; going to Grandpa Thornton's, I suppose?" and Phil, recognizing them as

they approached, he reined in the high-mettled horse, belonging to his father, on which he was riding. "I have jolly news for you, girls! Farmer Goodwin is going to give a husking party in his new barn this fall: won't it be gay?"

The girls received the announcement with pleasure; for a husking party was, as Phil said, a jolly event to the boys and girls of Chocorua.

Phil had turned his horse, and was now walking slowly along as he chatted merrily with the girls: "Now, Belle Thornton, those black eyes of yours will shine like glass beads for the next few weeks, thinking of the fun we will have. Farmer Goodwin has spoken to the old shoemaker to be ready with his violin, so we may have a dance in the barn in the evening."

"And your brain, Phil Pomroy, will be busy hatching plans of mischief; but look out for revenge from your 'Siamese Twins,' if again you make us the victims."

They had now reached the lane leading up to the gambrel-roofed house, shaded by the spreading branches of large elm-trees, where the Thornton homestead had stood for nearly a century.

Wheeling his horse about, and lifting his cap with mock dignity, Phil dashed back towards the village.

"What shall we do without Phil when he goes to Boston to commence the life of a city clerk?" said Belle; "you know he says he is bound to be a merchant prince, and spend hoards of money when he is a man on old Chocorua. He says he will build a pleasure boat of the largest size, have a stable full of horses, and pass his summers here with his old friends."

"That sounds just like Phil. Father says he will make a smart business man; and you know Mr. Dudley has often predicted, that he will turn out all right, although he is so fond of mischief," said Emma.

Grandpa Thornton was seated in the old porch of his house; his head, with its silvery locks floating about, rested on the old walking-stick he held in both his hands.

"Taking a sun-bath, grandpa?" and Belle kissed the white forehead almost before he was aware of her presence. With a cheerful welcome he slowly rose from the rude bench,

and with faltering steps led the way to the living-room. Grandma Thornton's age-dulled ear had not detected their voices without. The tall old clock in the corner, which for half a century had marked the hours from that same point, ticked loudly. Old Pussy, stretched at full length in the warm sun on the wide window-sill near where grandma sat, purred cheerfully. The old lady was absorbed in reading the large family Bible; her spectacles had slipped down, and as Belle, with quiet steps, stole up to her, the mild eyes of the benevolent face looked over her glasses, pleased to see the bright young girl before her. Just now old Trusty came in at the open door, and with pride laid a frightened but unharmed rabbit at the feet of his mistress. "Good Trusty! you have had the pleasure of capturing, and I of freeing your victim," said Belle. "Now, little captive, breathe freely, and soon you shall scamper away with a bound to your home in the woods."

Before taking off their things, the girls passed on to the long kitchen of the farm-house, with its floor scoured white in its spotless neatness, the

walls painted a reddish tinge, while from the beams in the low ceiling strings of nicely cut and pared apples were festooned to dry ; large crook-necked squashes were suspended from hooks, and on the shelves of the high dresser were ranged the shining pewter platters. All things were done in the old-fashioned way, so as to please the eye of Grandma Thornton, who could no longer take part in the daily routine of household labor.

At a table, kneading bread, stood the robust housekeeper, her rosy cheeks beaming with smiles as the young girls entered her well-ordered kitchen ; with her arms bared to the elbow, her plump hands were dexterously tossing the light pan of dough before her.

The dairy door stood open, displaying, in even rows, the golden cheeses and shining pans of rich milk ; while on a little round table by the pantry window a large earthen platter of freshly made doughnuts, in various forms of twists and braids, reminded Belle too temptingly of her early years, and the sly puss stole in, and helping herself, brought to Emma a share of her booty. Near the back door, with its broad stone steps, the old



well, with its long sweep and bucket attached, invited the girls to taste its cold, clear water. The old oaken bucket came up, dropping its crystal drops into the well below, as, with a shining tin dipper, the girls stood ready to taste its refreshing contents.

Hearing old Gray neighing in his stall, Belle and Emma ran out to the barn, where the faithful old animal, though past labor, was carefully fed and cared for. As he pushed his intelligent face through the rack, the girls petted and caressed him, while he quietly ate the oats they presented in their hands.

When returning to the house, an expressive grunt from old Piggy in her sty led them to look into her quarters, where she lay on a nice, clean bed of straw, surrounded by a family of half a dozen little ones, with pink noses and funny little curled-up tails, as happy an old pig as ever lived in a sty.

The sound of a horn blown by the housekeeper, to summon her husband, who was at work harvesting in a neighboring field, told them the dinner hour at the farm was near at hand.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, they were all seated in the long kitchen, at a regular farmer's dinner; before partaking of which, a blessing had been invoked by the aged master. After dinner, while Trusty was making a hearty dinner on the doorstep, from a well-filled tray, the girls enjoyed a quiet chat with the old folks, until the clock in the corner loudly struck the hour, when grandpa always took a nap in his chair, and grandma retired for half an hour's snooze to her bedroom. Then, putting on their hats, they strolled out into the orchard.

The trees were laden with rich fruit, ripening in the sun. Going through a pair of bars, they joined the young farmer, busy harvesting the golden pumpkins in the field, loading them into a large wagon near by, to carry home. The girls entered with spirit into his work, breaking off the yellow beauties, and placing them with the others in the farm wagon; when well loaded, they jumped up with the farmer upon the seat, and drove home with him in triumph.

A very early supper was the rule at the farmhouse, after which in the twilight they bade adieu

to the inmates, and with good Trusty as escort, started for the village.

It proved the last of many pleasant visits to the old people: for ere many weeks the dear old grandpa was found in his last sleep, seated in his favorite chair out on the ivy-covered porch; and his loving wife and companion gradually faded, and would sit for hours by her little stand, the open Bible before her,—not reading its pages, for the dim old eyes looked over the spectacles and seemed fixed on that other shore, where in the “Sweet By and By” she should meet the loved ones gone before. One day she seemed more weary in body, but a smile of peace rested on her saintly face. At evening she bade them all good by, and whispered, “We shall meet in heaven”; and without a struggle another pure life on earth ended, whose gentle and loving influences left a benediction behind.





## CHAPTER XI.

### FITZ SINCLAIR'S MOTHER.

*"Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray  
From the first pure loves of its youth away,  
When the sullying breath of the world would come  
O'er the flowers it brought from its native home, —  
Think thou again of the woody glade,  
Of the sound by the rustling ivy made,  
Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
And the kindly spell shall have power once more."*

**F**ITZ SINCLAIR had promised his mother by letter that he would return to her in two years from the time he had left his home. He had also written her the account of the last hours of his step-father's life, and that her support should be his chief concern in the future.

Dr. Lyman and his sister were very much attached to Fitz, and as they had begun to rely on him almost as a son, it was very hard to think of his ever leaving them.

"Fitz, my boy," said the doctor one day when

Fitz had been talking to him of his plans, "do you really wish to leave us?"

"By no means, Dr. Lyman, but I wish to see my mother, and feel it my duty to go to her. I hope you do not think me ungrateful, after all your kindness."

"No, Fitz, we think more rather than less of you for your thoughtfulness; but sister Elsie and myself are getting old, we have no relatives living, and — foolishly, perhaps — we have allowed our hearts to be bound up in you so fondly that it makes us miserable to think of losing you. Now, can't we arrange matters so that you can do your duty by your mother, and at the same time remain with us? Fitz, I will be frank with you: I should judge from what I know, that your mother's and your own share of property was nearly exhausted before your step-father's death."

"Yes, sir, and for this reason I feel more anxious to go to my mother. I am young and strong, and early learned self-dependence; while she, who was delicately nurtured, must find it hard to battle with what to her seems almost like poverty."

"Certainly, Fitz. Now I have a plan to propose. Elsie and I have thought if your mother would consent to come to America, and make her home at Chestnut Hill, it would be pleasant to all. Elsie is lonely, and needs a companion and some one younger to direct the servants; and I have set my mind on your succeeding me as physician in Chocorua. When we have done with house and lands, if we make this arrangement, all shall fall to yourself and mother."

Fitz could as warmly appreciate kindness, as in early life he had resented injury. Grasping the hand of his benefactor, he replied with emotion, "Dr. Lyman, I have not forgotten the hour you found me in a strange city, almost friendless; and exposed as I must have been to temptation, with no one to govern or advise, I know not to what fate might have led me without your aid. Nothing will please me more than to remain an inmate of this dear old house and a citizen of Chocorua, and devote my life to the duties of my profession, as a return for your kindness to me. I only hope my mother will decide to accept your invitation to come to America."

"Your reply more than compensates for any good I may have rendered you, Fitz. I would be sorry to feel in my old age that, though childless myself, I had not done for others' children who were young and in need of a helping hand. In this case, if I cast bread upon the waters, I feel that it has been returned to me."

It was a well-known fact in the village, that in his younger days Dr. Lyman had been attached to an excellent young woman, who died at an early age; and for this reason he had chosen never to marry, but had made a home for himself and sister at Chestnut Hill.

And so the subject was settled. Fitz wrote to his mother and awaited her reply, while he studied more diligently than ever, far into the winter nights, to fit himself for taking the place of the good old man he so much revered.

During the winter, the Lyceum at Chocorua excited the interest of old and young. These gatherings brought out all the talent of the place. Subjects for debate were proposed by the older gentlemen, in which the young men and lads were encouraged to take part. Dialogues, charades,

and declamations followed, varied with select reading, vocal and instrumental music. A literary gazette was edited by the young people in turn, and read aloud at the meetings; the young men, and sometimes the young women, presiding for the evening, the strictest order being required, excepting at recess, when a few moments passed in social chat. Occasionally the clergyman, teacher, or some friend from the village, would deliver an interesting lecture. Upon the platform in the hall a curtain with little side-rooms had been arranged, for the benefit of the performers in dialogues and charades, with some simple scenery for background.

At one of these entertainments Mr. Dudley was behind the scenes, assisting in the arrangement of some piece, when, stepping accidentally from a chair, he fell upon a box standing near. At first he made light of the matter, but before the evening was over he was obliged to return home, suffering great pain. When Dr. Lyman was called to visit him, early in the morning, he found the injury quite severe, and one that would confine him to his home for a number of weeks at



least. This looked rather dark to Mr. Dudley; for his salary, never large, was in part devoted to the support of an aged mother, and he could ill afford to be idle.

But this faithful teacher was not deserted in his hour of need. It was voted to continue his salary, while his place should be filled by a substitute during his illness. There was no lack of interest and sympathy manifested by his pupils. Many an hour of otherwise lonely confinement in his home was enlivened by the presence of his boys and girls, whose delight it was to bring to him new books, choice flowers from the plants in their windows, and all sorts of little luxuries from their homes.

Perhaps never before had they known how fondly they were attached, or how much they should miss the familiar face of their teacher from among them.

On one of Dr. Lyman's visits, which always cheered his patients, Mr. Dudley remarked, "I did not know how well these young people loved me, until my accident."

"Well, my good fellow, it is because you have secured their love in health that they now cling to you in sickness," replied his friend.

For amusement during this winter, the boys had constructed ice-boats, anticipating rare sport in gliding with lightning speed over the frozen surface of the inner harbor. At the close of school one day, all repaired to the spot; the sails were hoisted, and the boys invited the girls who were courageous enough to dare this rapid sailing on a sea of ice, to jump aboard.

Belle Thornton enjoyed these boat rides; the only danger being fear of collision or of the ice-holes, into which the boats might plunge before they could be checked in their speed. One day she was on a craft with Phil Pomroy, and they were at the height of enjoyment, when Phil saw ahead an opening in the ice; quick as possible he steered the boat in an opposite direction, but in doing so threw himself and Belle from the boat upon the ice. Belle, though jarred, soon recovered herself, to see Phil in a dangerous position, his feet dangling over the edge of the opening, not daring to move for fear of falling into the water. At this moment old Trusty, who was a Newfoundland dog of tremendous size, and who had scented the track of his mistress to the

water's edge, as if conscious of danger, came bounding over the ice. Belle commanded him to lay hold of Phil's woollen scarf; this he did, and with a strong hold drew him to a place of safety, amid the cheers of the others who had now reached the spot.

From this hour Trusty was a hero with all of them.

Towards spring came the unwelcome news of the rapid decline of Annie Dennison, in Florida, where her fond parents had taken her in hope of her restoration to health. Her mother wrote that she endured her suffering with patience, and was happy at the thought of the change she felt would soon come to her. Nothing gave her more pleasure than the kind and sympathizing letters she received from her Sunday-school teacher, Miss Goodwin.

This spring brought the long-wished-for decision of Mrs. Sinclair. She wrote:—

"My dear Fitz, your letter came to me when I greatly needed its cheering intelligence. After having paid all debts contracted by your unfortunate step-father, I found but a very small amount of money left at my disposal.

"I would not return to my friends, and to struggle on here alone, without husband or child, has been indeed a sad lot for me ; yet I would not complain to you, while you were, by my advice, remaining with Dr. Lyman.

"Our English relatives scorned your father as my husband, although he was a gentleman and scholar, because his ancestry was not as high as ours ; and for this I can never go back to them, although they desire me to do so. To the kind friends in America, under whose roof you have found such a home, I will gladly come, feeling that my gratitude to them can be best manifested by ministering to them in their declining years. It would be cruel to deprive them of you, Fitz ; for if you still possess the warm heart and ardent nature of your own father, you have undoubtedly become very dear to them.

"And, my son, one very great inducement for me to come to America is, that I may visit the grave of him so lately my husband. He was always indulgent to me, Fitz ; the only unkind words he ever gave me were on your account. But, my dear boy, I know he regretted the hour

that sent you an exile from your home, and God only knows how much pleasure it gave him to send that message to me, 'Margaret, your boy and myself are reconciled.' We can stand by his grave, my son, happy in the thought that you were kind to him to the last.

"His life is over. Learn from it, my son, a lesson of early self-control. By so doing, you will secure more happiness yourself, and be able to confer good instead of evil on those around you. Soon America, that land of refuge for all the world, — and in which you, my boy, have found such faithful friends in your tender years, when circumstances so rudely parted you from me and all home influences, — shall be my home as well as yours. And, God willing, ere long I shall clasp to my breast 'my son, that was lost and is found,' and weep with him over the grave by the Atlantic-washed shore."





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HUSKING PARTY.

"There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-door its load of husk and grain,  
Till, broad and red as when he rose, the sun sank down at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shine dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;  
The growing piles of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands, and brown cheeks glimmering o'er."

**I**N the month of July, Mrs. Jewett came to America, and Fitz was very proud of his mother, whom the Lymans now introduced into the society of Chocorua. Changes were about to take place in the little circle of school friends. Phil Pomrov would enter a large mercantile house in September, and Charlie Lee and Harry Moore start for old Harvard; and Fitz was busy in Dr. Lyman's office.

They were all gathered at Mr. Leroy's one

evening, and while enjoying Ellen's delicious ice-cream, the boys were discussing their future prospects with her father. "Phil has told us of his plans," said Mr. Leroy; "he means to rival Stewart, I suppose; and Charlie Lee we hope to see a good minister in time: but Harry, — here I am at a loss. What will the wise ones at Cambridge make of you, Harry?"

"My plans are hardly matured yet, sir; but I hope I shall not choose unwisely."

"That's an important matter, boys; for, to be successful in life, one should use great judgment in the selection of a pursuit for which one is best fitted, and then bend every energy towards perfecting one's self in it, in order to excel in after life, or even to have an ordinary amount of success. I suppose in a few weeks you will all leave us?"

"Yes, sir," replied Harry, "and I hope none of us will be a disgrace to Chocorua."

Perhaps none felt more sad at parting than the merry-hearted Belle. Towards all she was kindly disposed, but in parting from Charlie Lee she felt there would be a void indeed; although, as she

sometimes laughingly complained, he had preached sermons to her all her life, yet she found the preacher was one from whom it was very hard to part. While they stood around the piano singing, Belle's clear tones rose above the others, all felt that soon these little entertainments would be over.

A favorite walk of these young people was to a large pond, a mile out of the village. Its clear basin was bordered on every side with green banks, tall trees, and beautiful wild-flowers; one or two little boats were tied near the shore, in which they went to gather the pretty white pond-lilies that bloomed so profusely on its surface. On one of these occasions, late in the summer, they were discussing the pleasure of the husking party, which would be the last entertainment before the boys left.

"Well, girls, after that, we shall soon be off," said Phil. "How delighted you will all be to see us in our vacations, when we come home tall, bearded youths!"

"Do you think the pleasure is to be all on our part, conceited sir? I rather think you will all be glad enough to turn your faces homeward," answered Emma Dearborn.



"I rather think I can speak for all, when I say yes to that," said Charlie Lee. "No place like home, after all."

The next week Farmer Goodwin's large barn was well stored with immense piles of golden corn, ready to be stripped of its dried husks by a score or two of youthful fingers. Safe arrangements had been made for lighting up in the evening, so that dancing could be enjoyed on the smooth floor of the barn, after the husking had been completed.

On the afternoon appointed, the streets of the village were filled with gay groups, hurrying with merry voices towards the river road, on their way to the farm. Arriving there, the work of the afternoon commenced without ceremony. Swift fingers and lively tongues cheered the hour, and when a red ear was found, a merry shout announced the fact: if by a boy, he claimed the reward, which was the privilege of kissing each lass in the room; but the girls with sly fingers would try to conceal the fated possession, but seldom succeeded, and a general rush was made for the victim.

As the husking party were busy at work, and in full enjoyment of the festivities of the evening, Mr. Dudley appeared among them.

"O Belle, you are caught nicely," said Phil Pomroy, as he discovered a bright red ear beneath the husks in the gay girl's lap, which she had vainly endeavored to hide; "now Mr. Dudley can claim the forfeit with the rest."

"I am ready to receive it, Belle," he said as the blushing girl came towards him, and then a general confusion followed for a while.

Mr. Dudley took a seat among them, and gladly took part in the frolic.

"Phil Pomroy, you are the plague of my life," exclaimed Belle Thornton, as the mischievous fellow entangled some of her dark curls intentionally in some dry husks he held in his hand. "Mr. Dudley, please exercise your authority over this unruly boy."

"Phil, go to the top of that tall ladder, and remain there until you can behave yourself," the teacher said, with an air of assumed severity.

"Yes, sir," he replied, as with the nimble step of boyhood he sprang up the rounds, two at a

time. Having reached the top, he jumped on to the cross-beam that ran the whole width of the barn; there, perched like a squirrel, he commenced singing,

"A frog he would a woolding go,"

and

"Miss Isabella, with a blue cotton umbrella,"

occasionally dropping down upon Belle's head the contents of his school-boy pockets, until, in self-defence, all begged Mr. Dudley to command him to come down.

Awhile after this, Phil asked to be excused while he went for a basket of English walnuts he had bought for them to enjoy during the husking.

"I was not able to procure a large quantity," he said, as he came back with the basket. "They are a very choice and peculiar nut; I doubt if there is more than one apiece all round."

All laughed at the rich feast he had provided, and accordingly none took more than one nut, at the same time reminding the giver how very generous he had become all at once; but he merely passed around the basket, asking all to open them

at the same time, saying, "They are a very choice nut; you will only need to use a little force to open them."

When the last nut had been served, they commenced separating the shell from the meat; greatly to their amusement, they found the inside of each had been carefully removed, and the tiniest specimens of toys, such as cows, dogs, and horses, put in its place. Immediately ensued a babel of sounds. Cows began to low, dogs to bark, cats to mew, hens to cackle, cocks to crow, and ducks to quack, until Mr. Dudley mounted a barrel, and in a loud voice commanded silence, lest his hearing should be injured for life.

"It is fortunate the corn is nearly husked, Mr. Goodwin, for I think the spirits of the young people are getting the better of them; but this evening they will be able to dance off any extra spirits, to the music of old Mr. Lamson's violin."

"They have worked as well as played, and that is what I wanted," Farmer Goodwin replied.

And now supper was ready, and groups of rosy-cheeked maidens and bright-eyed young men came up with healthy appetites to do justice to the

well-filled board. Nicely prepared sandwiches, flaky biscuit, creamy cheese and golden butter, huge frosted cakes and generous pies and tarts, with plates piled high with doughnuts, tempted the appetites of all.

With the clatter of dishes and babbling of voices, the supper passed merrily away. Then the girls brought two large pans of boiling water and placed them upon the tables, at each of which one of the girls, with a long-handled mop, presided, while beside her were some two or three others, provided with nice clean towels, to polish the dishes as they came from the steaming suds; others still assisted in gathering up the eatables and fragments, disposing of them under Mrs. Goodwin's direction.

Mr. Goodwin had ordered the barn to be lighted, and the strains of the old shoemaker's violin came out on the evening air, and soon all were promenading the cleanly swept floor. For some hours they enjoyed the merry dance, and not until they saw their old friend preparing to put his violin into its green case could they believe it was time to draw the entertainment to a close.

A large basket, filled with provisions from the bountiful supper, was packed for the shoemaker to take home, and carried by two stout lads living near his dwelling.

The next week the boys were to leave town for store and college. Many little gifts were in preparation for them, to keep fresh memories of home and loved ones in hours of joy or trial. How much these were prized and cherished in the hours of absence, they at home never knew. The sight of them may have strengthened good resolutions, or kept them from some ensnaring tempter. The love of mother or sister, or of some dear friend, that prompted the gift, may prove a talisman in the time when their own strength of purpose is wavering.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### LLOYD WINTHROP'S WINTER AT THE SOUTH.

"God made all creatures free;  
Life itself is liberty;  
God ordained no other bands  
Than united hearts and hands."

**I**N the fall of 1850 Lloyd Winthrop, the student to whom reference was made in a previous chapter as a friend of the young people of Chocorua, and often spending his vacations among them, received an advantageous offer from a wealthy Southern planter to become private tutor to his only son, a lad of fifteen years. The engagement was made by correspondence, through a business friend of the planter, so that the history of the family was but little known to young Winthrop previous to his arrival at the house of the gentleman with whom the business had been transacted. His home

being some miles from the plantation of Col. Davenport, the father of his future pupil, it had been arranged for him to spend the night there, and the next day Col. Davenport's carriage was to be sent to convey him to his destination.

The incidents of the next few months of his life were so peculiarly interesting, yet sad and startling, that we desire to follow him in his wanderings in the few months he spent in his Southern home.

Mr. Montgomery received Lloyd with true Southern politeness, and after being conducted to his chamber to wash and refresh himself after his journey, he obeyed the summons to a bountifully spread table, surrounded by the family of his host.

As they rose from their repast and took their chairs out upon the veranda to enjoy the cool and refreshing breeze and clear moonlight, Mr. Montgomery urged Lloyd to accept one of his fragrant cigars. This he declined for himself, though enjoying the aroma when others did the smoking. Soon the two became very social, and conversation turned upon the Davenports.



"Perhaps you would like to know something of the family you are so soon to become one of," said Mr. Montgomery; "and as the incidents are somewhat peculiar and the facts well known, I do not feel that it is a breach of trust to communicate them to you. You will find it one of the loveliest homes as to location and domestic attractions to be found at the South. I have been entertained so delightfully at the house, and I am so charmed with the family, that the subject is a pet one of mine. The colonel you will find the type of a true Southern gentleman, — hospitable and generous; his only great faults being indolence and procrastination. He is now in middle life. In his youth he married a lady of high birth. The alliance proved a very unhappy one, the disposition of his wife being always unpleasant, subject to fearful bursts of temper, and finally resulting in insanity; so that for several years she was obliged to be confined in a room in a remote wing of the house, the sight of all persons excepting her attendant causing her to become perfectly wild, and on the approach of the colonel her rage knew no bounds.

"Thus, for years his home possessed a horror rather than an attraction for him ; and as he had no children, much of his time was spent at the house of a favorite aunt, in the company of her invalid daughter, a lovely girl who had for years been a sufferer from an accident received while travelling in the cars. Though her case was hopeless, she retained her natural vivacity and amiable qualities, attracting all to her side even as she had done before being deprived of health. Her education had been all that wealth could give, as she was the only and idolized child of rich parents, and no pains had been spared to cultivate her mind or polish her manners. From a child she had as companion a lovely slave, — a girl of about her own age, and scarce a tinge darker in complexion. Queeny, as the cousin of the colonel was called, was of an affectionate disposition, and in her girlhood had loved the octoroon more as a sister than servant, and they had been almost constant companions ; the girl benefiting by her opportunities and becoming more fitted for a high position in society than one to which, by the laws of the land, she actually belonged.

"After the accident before mentioned, it was one of the greatest sources of amusement Queeny had, to instruct her maid in music, so as to enable Rosamond to entertain her with the rich strains of the harp, or to play accompaniments while her own sweet, low tones mingled with the clear, flute-like voice of her slave. Then she selected books from her favorite authors, to be read aloud; and thus the naturally brilliant intellect of the octo-roon was cultivated by a loving teacher, and she became an accomplished companion.

"The parents, only too glad to have their darling able to derive pleasure and satisfaction from anything, did not realize the effect such a training would have on the heart and mind of the slave-girl in after years.

"Hours of Col. Davenport's life were spent in the *salon* of his cousin, of whom he was passionately fond; and Rosamond was always with them, charming unconsciously another besides her mistress. Yet he *was* the husband of another, though separated by a gulf as impassable as death from that being; and although Rosamond was but a bondwoman, yet he would not have

trifled with her affections, more than with those of a lady of the bluest Southern blood. But suddenly and unexpectedly, Mrs. Davenport was released by death from her mental sufferings; and his cousin's health became more feeble, and ended in rapid decline which took her from the fond friends who had watched over her so tenderly.

"This was the cause of the family leaving their beautiful Southern home, and residing for many years abroad, and at length the plantation and slaves were to be sold. Strange as it may seem, the master and mistress seemed to regard Rosamond as only a sad reminder of their lost one, and were only too glad to dispose of her after the death of Queeny.

"At the request of Col. Davenport, she became his slave by right of purchase. He could not endure the thought of her belonging to another, and he had been sensible for a long time that his heart was truly hers. After a time, he purchased a lovely cottage, a short distance from a neighboring city, where business often called him. In that bower of beauty he placed Rosamond, surrounded with every luxury, and supplied with

slaves to do her bidding. Here he brought the choicest books, music for her harp and piano, and the rarest exotics to blossom in her conservatories. These were to cheer her in his absence at the plantation. In a few years a daughter, afterwards a son, gladdened the cottage. These were reared with all the love and tenderness the parents could bestow. Some five years since — greatly to the dissatisfaction of his only brother, to whom in case of the colonel's death the property would fall — he determined to bring Rosamond, whom he loved as a wife, and his children, of whom he was so fond, to his plantation, where they now are; and 't is to educate the son, now a lad of fourteen, that he commissioned me to obtain a suitable teacher, and for whom I applied to you.

"The daughter, a charming and accomplished girl, about sixteen years of age, is a lovely brunette; and you cannot fail to become attached to your pupil, a bright, active boy, and possessed of a warm, affectionate heart. The mother is still beautiful and very interesting, though at times a sadness steals over her countenance, —

a look of such utter hopelessness that I can hardly account for it but on one fancy, for 't is the object of the colonel's life to render his family happy; I sometimes fear that with all his great love, that the indolence and procrastination which I at first told you were his predominant faults may have caused him to neglect to have had free papers made out for Rosamond and her children; and in case of his death, their fate would be to fall into the possession of the colonel's brother, who, she well knows, regards them with utter hatred, and would glory in their humiliation, and in causing them to feel how heavy he could make the chain of slavery. This I only surmise, as one could hardly deem it possible that Col. Davenport has been so delinquent in so important a matter."

Lloyd made no reply; but he had become already deeply interested in the family he would so soon meet in daily intercourse.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Montgomery, "for allowing you to make so late an evening after your long journey; but really, as I told you, I am a great admirer of the Davenport family."

"I heartily thank you for the pleasure you have given, and the interest you have excited in my heart for all of them ; and I trust I may, in some measure at least, fulfil their requirements as a tutor," replied Lloyd ; and a servant being called to light the guest to his chamber, they exchanged good-nights, and soon, in dreams of his old home at the North and his future one at the South, slumber claimed the student for its own.

The next day the carriage of Col. Davenport arrived to convey the tutor and his effects to the plantation. After a long and delightful ride through a fertile and cultivated country, the house and grounds, both spacious and elegant, burst upon the view. A drive up a winding avenue, shaded by magnificent trees whose overhanging branches formed a perfect arch above them of green and heavy foliage, brought the carriage to the steps, leading up to the piazza supported by massive carved pillars.

At the open door stood the colonel and his son : the former a handsome, gray-haired gentleman, with a stately but courteous bearing ; the latter a perfect model of a high-bred, handsome lad of

fourteen. Both extended a cordial greeting to Lloyd, given with true Southern hospitality to a stranger. Lloyd's heart went out immediately to the boy, as he kept his extended hand to lead him to his mother and sister, standing ready to welcome him in the richly furnished drawing-room. With a graceful manner he was received by the mother, a beautiful woman of about thirty-five years, at the same time introducing her daughter to Lloyd. He felt at once that "his lines had fallen in pleasant places."

As days went on, the attachment between teacher and pupil only strengthened, and the home surroundings and genial climate were calculated to make of Lloyd an ardent lover of the South; though he had come among them with a heart alive to the cruelties of slavery, and only trusted to his cool judgment to keep him from interfering, where he could do no good by so doing. But here was a kind master, his slaves well treated and cared for in sickness and in health; and nothing could exceed the justness and gentleness of her who reigned as mistress, often shielding from punishment, when really deserved, the



slaves on the plantation. Yet when he looked on Rosamond and her children, and knew what their fate would be should the colonel neglect his duty to them, then he realized what a curse was on the people with whom he dwelt, and was prevented from becoming a convert to the institution of the South.

But this enchanted life was destined to have a sudden and tragic end. Carl, the boy, was taken ill, and all the skill of the doctors in the vicinity, or those brought from the city, failed to save his life. His father was beside himself with grief, when told that his child must die.

The mother, though heart-broken, was more calm. As he lay in the still repose of death, in the chamber which had so often echoed his joyous laugh, in the darkening shadows of evening Lloyd stole in to take a parting look at his beloved features, and the form which lay extended upon the couch in marble-like repose.

Unknown to him, Carl's mother was kneeling at his head, as Lloyd entered so softly that even she was unconscious of a living presence. Her lips were murmuring words, as though the dear boy

could understand her conversation. These were audible as she rose and bent down to kiss his beautiful brow: "Farewell, my precious child; though bound on earth, in heaven we shall be made free." This gave the key-note to that terrible anguish Lloyd had sometimes observed to pass over her face, even in the happiest hours, and recalled the words of Mr. Montgomery with such force that he determined, at all risk of presumption, to broach the subject to Col. Davenport at the first suitable opportunity that offered; not by direct allusion to his own affairs, but by drawing a parallel case, to compel his attention to the subject.

A few days later they had carried the loved one to sleep beneath the pines, and left him there, with aching hearts. Still the tutor was urged to remain as a guest in the broken home circle. One morning Col. Davenport was obliged by business to go to the city, and as he intended going on horseback, he begged Lloyd to accompany him. This Lloyd gladly did, as it afforded an excellent opportunity to introduce the subject so near his heart. The weather was fine, and all hoped the

ride would raise the spirits of the colonel, who had in no way rallied from his depression.

As they rode away from the house, and Lloyd caught the earnest, tearful eyes of Rosamond fixed upon the man who, though father of her children, and dearly loved, was her master, and herself and child his slaves, the purpose became stronger in his heart to do his duty by them, cost what it might. But fate willed it that he should be spared the painful task; for scarcely had they got beyond the avenue when the colonel drew his high-mettled horse into a walk, and turning to Lloyd a countenance strongly marked with the pain, said: —

"Mr. Winthrop, I am drawn to you as I seldom am to a person on a short acquaintance; but your love for my boy has thrown down all barriers to reserve, and I have asked you to accompany me to witness an act I can hardly forgive myself for having delayed so long. But in health we sometimes shrink from a painful task, and I am too well aware my besetting sin is to put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. You may have heard from others my history; if

not, you know something of it yourself. The words I am about to utter burn into my heart. *My boy died a slave*, and she whom before God I love, as no woman called wife was ever more loved by her husband, and her living child, are *my slaves*; and should I die without having freed them, their rightful possessor and master would be their bitterest enemy, my brother." As he finished, he wiped from his forehead the large drops of agony gathered there. "To-day I wish you to witness the act which shall make them free; and so help me God, I will legally proclaim the only woman I ever truly loved, my wife, in the eyes of all men. I care not for the frowns of society or the anger of relatives: Rosamond and her children have been, and are still, more to me than all else."

Lloyd assured him how gladly he heard these words from his lips, and of his own determination to have made an appeal to him this very morning, had he not listened to his noble purpose in their behalf. He then repeated to him the words that escaped Rosamond's lips from her bleeding heart, beside her dead boy, when she was uncon-

scious of any presence save her own in that darkened chamber.

After this, for some time they rode on in silence, both too busily occupied in thought to care for conversation. Presently, rousing himself from his reverie, the colonel remarked, "We must quicken our pace, as I have other business to attend to in the city, and to accomplish it must have all of the day possible." Quickening their speed, the horses were soon travelling over the road at a brisk trot. The colonel's horse, impatient at having been restrained so long, became restive and troublesome. "Be quiet, Prince; it seems as if you were as anxious as your master to hasten the completion of our journey, to accomplish a task too long neglected." At this moment a slight rustling sound in the bushes by the roadside startled the animal, and a rabbit bounded across the road. Prince gave a sudden plunge and reared. The colonel, though an excellent horseman, unnerved and weak that morning, lost control of the animal and was thrown, his head striking the earth violently. Prince rushed madly on, while as quickly as possible Lloyd galloped

to the spot, and dismounting, raised the colonel's head, resting it upon his shoulder.

At first all appearance of life had departed, but for an instant his kindly eyes opened. Lloyd hastened to a brook near by and brought water in his canteen, hoping by bathing his temples to revive his friend. Lloyd had placed his coat beneath the colonel's head, and when he returned to him, he pressed Lloyd's hand, whispering, "It is all over with me"; and then, as if recalling his wandering senses, faintly murmured, "I die with my work unfinished; too late, too late! God forgive my cowardice and neglect towards my cherished ones; with my last breath I intrust them to your care. Rosamond, *my wife* in God's sight, though not in man's, and my own darling daughter, — be to them a friend. I go to my beloved boy; in heaven they shall *all* be free." His strength failed him, and with his head pillowed on Lloyd's breast, he closed his eyes, never to open them again on earth.

The riderless horse in his mad career had attracted the notice of some persons farther on,

who hastened to the spot to ascertain the nature of the accident and to render all needful assistance. The body of the colonel was borne gently to the nearest house. As soon as possible he was conveyed to his late home, a messenger going before to gently carry the sad tidings to the family. It was necessary to send immediate word to the brother of Col. Davenport; and knowing full well the consequence of his meeting Rosamond and her daughter, Lloyd remembered his word given to the dead, and thought only of protecting those left to his care.

The brother could not arrive before the next morning, and another day must find them far removed from his power. Going to the boudoir of the ladies, Lloyd succeeded in persuading them that they could best perform their duty by the dead by seeking immediately their own safety, telling them it was to secure this the colonel met his death, and that if departure was delayed until the arrival of his brother, all would be lost. At length the stunned mother consented, more for her daughter's sake than her own, to

flee from her home and the dead object of her affection.

Lloyd had with great promptness made plans for the night hours. Feeling perfect confidence in the body-servant of the colonel, old Pomp, he determined to secure his services in the daring flight of the fugitives. He persuaded them to collect what money, jewels, and valuables really belonged to them as quickly as possible; and with a scant supply of baggage, placed them in Pomp's care. As he received them from Lloyd's hands, the tears pouring down his ebony cheeks, he said, "Nebber fear, Massa Winthrop; I would go through fire and water for my good Massa Davenport when he was alive; and if ole Pomp can do anything for the mistress and her child he loved so well, he will gladly die for it, if the good Lord wills. I nebber disobeyed the colonel when he bid me do a job for him, and now the bloodhounds may tear ole Pomp in pieces but what he will finish this last bit of work the Lord cut the colonel short in."

In the dead hours of the night, when all the slaves were sleeping in their cabins, Pomp quietly



and secretly harnessed the carriage horses, and meeting Rosamond and her daughter Grace with Lloyd, for a moment they all clustered together, with breaking hearts, around the form they loved so well, he unable in his last sleep to return their fond caresses; then, turning forever from the room, naught but their stifled sobs and quiet footsteps as they went through the halls broke the stillness of the night.

Pomp brought the carriage quietly over the greensward to the door, and soon the place that had been a beloved home closed its sheltering doors upon them forever.

Lloyd went back to his lonely watch in-doors; then, reflecting that by the early dawn it would be best for him to be as far away from the plantation as possible, to avoid suspicion and questions when Mr. Davenport should arrive, that might lead to disastrous consequences, he employed the remaining time in collecting his effects and packing. This done, he noiselessly called a servant, and requested him to harness a horse and carry him to the nearest village. The order was promptly obeyed, the servant ignorant

of his cause for haste; and the overseer being absent, all was quiet on the plantation later than usual.

Lloyd drove in a direction opposite to the one Pomp had taken, in order to mystify the brother as much as possible, should he suspect him as accessory to the escape of his human property, though his plan was to meet them at last in Canada, by a more indirect route, on *British soil*. For once he felt ashamed of America as the boasted land of freedom.

Pomp had been instructed to leave the carriage at a stable in the city where the colonel always had his horses cared for, then proceed himself with the ladies as their slave and travelling companion, hoping to reach Canada without trouble before being hunted by their owner. This was accomplished, but grief and terror proved a death-blow to Rosamond; and when Lloyd joined them at last in Canada, he was just in time to bid her farewell, and renew again the promise to the mother he had already given the father, of protection to Grace, their darling, left by the law of the land to the tender mercies of a cruel master,

could he by any means manage to gain possession of her.

Pomp performed his duty faithfully and obtained employment readily; proud of his freedom, yet a sincere mourner for the master and mistress, who had ever been kind to him.

Lloyd wrote to his mother: "Duty, dear mother, compels me to remain on English ground for the present. I hear from Mr. Montgomery that the colonel's brother is furious at being baffled of his cherished revenge, and a fabulous price would not at present make *my Grace* a free woman. But his idle, extravagant ways will probably soon reduce his affairs to a state where, by the fruits of the united labors of Grace and myself (she is at present governess in a rich family), and the sale of some rare jewels of her own and her mother's (gifts from Col. Davenport), her freedom may be purchased. For myself, I am more than satisfied to labor at my profession until the hour comes that shall bring its reward, when I can bring to my native land and to your parental arms the dear one who, God permitting, shall be my wife and your loving daughter. My

experience, dear mother, has been such at the South that all your fears lest I should cease to adhere to my father's teachings against the right of holding slaves are groundless, as I have had an intimate acquaintance with its evils; and I trust the time may come when, substituting Columbia for Britannia, we may sing: —

‘Blow ye the trumpet abroad o’er the sea;  
Columbia hath conquered, the negro is free!  
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;  
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,  
Are wrenched from his grasp, for the words are but spoken,  
And fetters and scourges were plunged in the flood.  
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o’er the sea;  
Columbia hath conquered, the negro is free!’”





## CHAPTER XIV.

### FITZ SINCLAIR'S SAILOR FRIEND.

"No home is happy, but that pain  
And grief and care the door will press,  
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,  
More anxious from their helplessness."

"**D**R. LYMAN," said Fitz, one morning as they were seated in the office, "whenever I go to the city, and have time, I always call on the mother of the young sailor who was so kind to me when I first landed in America. The last time I was there I found the poor woman very sad. She was born in the country, and now that her husband is dead and her son away at sea the greater part of the time, she finds it very lonely in a large city. She says the earnings of her son in his position are very small; that although an honest lad, he has no friend to speak a good word to gain him promotion; so

she feels obliged to toil on in the city to add to their slender income. She seems to long for the good country air, and I have been trying to think what could be done for her. Having heard you speak of your friend Capt. Grant, it occurred to me that perhaps you would use your influence with him for my sailor friend."

"I will do so, Fitz. Capt. Grant is now in port, and I think it is about the time that Widow Hawley told you her son was expected home. I am going into the city in a few days, and I will do all in my power to get a better position for young Hawley. In case of success, we will advise Mrs. Hawley to settle in the country, where she can lead a life more in accordance with her tastes."

"Thank you, sir. I felt quite sure you would do this for them."

The week after the boys' departure, the Leroy's were suddenly called to part with an infant child very dear to them. It was a lovely babe, and its illness was so short that sickness left no trace on its marble brow, and as it lay in its little crib, prepared for burial, clasping a half-opened bud in its tiny fingers, so quietly had the death-angel

folded its wings about the infant, that it seemed like a sleeping cherub reposing there.

Miss Goodwin invited her Sunday-school class to go with her and look upon the child, so beautiful in death. It was a sharp sorrow to Miss Goodwin, as well as to the parents of the babe, to give up one so lovely ; but they felt with the poet,

“God gave, he took, he will restore ;  
He doeth all things well.”

As Miss Goodwin gathered her class around the little casket, she spoke such earnest words of simple faith and holy purpose that those young girls felt they had received a lifelong lesson from their dear teacher.

The following afternoon four young boys bore the child to its last resting-place in a quiet nook of the burial-ground. Its grave is marked by a marble slab, bearing these words : “It is well with the child.”

Annie Dennison lies near. They brought the little worn body from the sunny South, where the spirit winged its flight some months before.

“Our young and gentle friend whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,

Amid the frosts of autumn-time  
Has left us with the flowers.

“ We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet ‘ Good night ! ’ ”

Letters came from Phil Pomroy and from the boys in college. Phil seemed to enjoy his busy life in the city, but did not forget his country home. Mr. Dudley took pride in the success of his boys, and often said, “ I have no more fear of Phil's doing anything morally wrong than Harry or Charlie. He will sow a few wild oats, perhaps ; but that boy, full of mischief as he is, will make his mark in the business community. I never knew him to do a mean act in school. If he with others merited my displeasure, he was always ready to bear his full share of blame, and often shielded some younger boy who he felt had been led into mischief.”

The boys at Harvard labored hard to stand high in their classes, and no tale of disgrace in which they participated ever reached home. The vacations were eagerly anticipated by themselves and their friends.



Charlie Lee found it necessary to spend a few weeks every winter teaching in some country village, to help pay the expenses of his education, studying hard in the evening to keep up with his class; but like his mother, he bore life's burdens with a cheerful, trusting spirit, and was successful in his schools.

Harry Moore was also a hard worker, although his friends said he would never make a rich man; he did not love dollars and cents, and was sometimes rather visionary in his ideas, but an earnest student of science.

Phil often came home to spend a Sunday. He was a tall, elegant-looking fellow; a little too fond of display, his father thought; but as letters from his employers spoke of his excellent conduct, Mr. Pomroy had nothing to complain of.

The boys told Fitz he would be spoiled, left behind to be the only escort of the girls; but he said, "No. Fairy Alice Leroy was to be his especial care and pet; the other girls must wait for the return of their old friends."

Dr. Lyman went to the city to see Capt. Grant, who gladly gave a place on board his ship to

sailor Hawley, promising promotion if he proved worthy: and then said, "Fortunately, my wife and I propose settling in Chocorua for a few years, and placing our daughter, Effie, under the instruction of your good Mr. Dudley; and as Mrs. Grant's health is delicate, her physicians advise settling in the country. I thought at once of placing her near you, that in my absence you might look after her welfare. Now I propose to go to your village and select, if possible, a suitable location for a home. Doctor, can't you recommend some worthy woman to act as housekeeper and manage the maid-of-all-work, as I am anxious to relieve her of all care?"

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Dr. Lyman; "I am delighted with the plan. A beautiful little house has just been vacated a short distance from Chestnut Hill, and young Hawley's mother, a worthy widow in the city, Fitz tells me, is longing to return to country life, but feels obliged to remain there to obtain a living. Come with me, Capt. Grant, and perhaps we may meet the sailor boy; at the same time I trust you will obtain just the person to serve your wife as housekeeper. Fitz

owes a debt of gratitude to these people, which I have promised to help him repay."

When the doctor reached home the next day, he had the pleasure of relating to Fitz and his mother the good fortune of Mrs. Hawley and her son.

"Good evening, Emma," said Belle Thornton, as she entered the house of her friend.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come! Here is a letter of Charlie Lee's, which his mother gave me to read. He is teaching, you know, in New Hampshire, and it is the season for maple-sugar making; he is enjoying himself watching the various preparations made by the farmers and their families in gathering the sap from the trees and converting it into nice cakes, such as we purchase in the stores. Charlie sent a box of it to his mother, and she, in a note accompanying this letter, invites you and me to come down and try it. Let me read part of his letter to you. He writes:

"The farm to which we were invited is more than three miles from my school-house. We had had the night before what the farmers call a "sugar snow," so that the sap ran freely from the trees.

A number of teams, containing the invited party, came over to the farm.

“‘ It was a cool, frosty evening. After putting up our horses, we proceeded in a body to the sugar orchard; here a huge fire was burning in the arches of the sap-houses, and in immense iron pans, over the crackling logs of wood, the sap was boiling, sending a delicious fragrance into the rude building, lighted by the fire and lanterns. Outside, the tall trees with red buckets hung to the branches, into which little wooden spouts conducted the sap, which, trickling from the orifices upon the snow-covered ground, presented in the moonlight a picturesque sight.

“‘ After the boiling sap had become syrup, the ox-team was brought to the door, and the contents of pans poured into barrels and carried to the farmer’s home. We followed gayly through the old woods road to the house. Here the men and boys put the syrup into large sugar boilers upon the stoves, and the farmer’s wife superintended the work while it was brought to the right consistency to be made into sugar.

“‘ Then we enjoyed what is here called “wax”;

that is, a large pan of snow was brought into the kitchen, while the hot syrup was poured upon it with ladles, cooling instantly clear as crystal. Everybody now enjoyed this delicious treat. This operation proves it time to remove the syrup from the stove, turning it into buckets and stirring it well.

"Hundreds of little tin pans were placed on long tables, close together, to form the shape of cakes we buy at home. Into these the hot syrup is poured. When cooled, we all helped in turning out the nice little cakes, some in one shape, some in another, eating as much as we chose.

"I do not know when I have enjoyed an evening more; the whole thing was so novel to me."

"I am glad Charlie is so contented in his home among the White Hills," said Emma; "but, Belle, have you seen the new-comers here in the village, Dr. Lyman's friends? They have taken the Lowell estate. The gentleman is a sea-captain, and the family consists of a wife and daughter, and a son absent at a military school. I am intending to call soon, with mother; although Mrs. Grant is in poor health, and will not probably mingle much in

society. Only think! she has for housekeeper the mother of the sailor we have heard Fitz speak of, and her son has a position on board the ship of which Capt. Grant is master."

"Of course Dr. Lyman and Fitz have brought this about for them; but neither of them ever boast of their good deeds," replied Belle.

"No; but what happiness it must be to Fitz to be able to see them so happily situated, when they were so kind to him when he was friendless and among strangers!"





## CHAPTER XV.

### THE NEW MINISTER.

#### WORKERS.

"All are architects of fate,  
Working in these walls of time ;  
Some with massive deeds and grace,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

**N**EARLY six years have passed since the boys left their homes for business and college.

Charlie Lee had finished his collegiate course with honor, and was nearly through his studies at the divinity school at Cambridge, when an event occurred of great interest to the people of Chocorua.

Mr. Greenleaf, the venerable clergyman, had found for the last year that the duties of his large and widely scattered parish were more than he was able to perform. His people could not think

of relinquishing the pleasure of listening to him each Sunday from the pulpit he had so long and faithfully filled, and they also felt that to deprive him of occupation would render life wearisome to him; therefore they proposed and he accepted the plan of associating with him a young man to assist on Sunday, and to attend, during the week, to the greater part of the duties of a pastor.

And who could fill this place better than Charlie Lee, whom his old pastor had baptized in infancy, watched over with interest as he grew in the religious life, and received with joy at the communion table of our Lord? Mr. Greenleaf made the nomination, and the society and church voted unanimously to extend the invitation to their young townsman. The invitation was received with great delight by Charlie Lee, who wrote in reply to Mr. Greenleaf: —

" *My dear Friend and Pastor*, — I accept with gratitude the position offered me by yourself and the parish. In no other field could I labor with so great zeal and pleasure.

" The love for the home of my childhood has grown with my growth and strengthened with my



years. To work side by side with you, my dear pastor, for guide and counsellor, is a privilege beyond my deserts ; but with God's help and the encouragement of the friends and companions of my youth, I trust I may not be an unprofitable servant in my Lord's vineyard."

It was a glorious Sabbath morning in June. The air was fragrant with the new-mown hay and blooming flowers. The bell from the old church sent forth a soft peal at the hour of morning service, as Charlie Lee entered the church for the first time as minister, leaning on the arm of his old friend. The altar was decorated with bright flowers, and Belle Thornton's voice led the choir as they sung, —

"Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound."

When the last note died on the air, the old minister rose, and with his hand on the head of his young assistant, craved a blessing on the young man consecrating himself that day to the service of God, and on the church to which he was to minister.

Then Charlie Lee preached his first sermon ; a

simple, truthful, soul-felt discourse, at the close of which friends gathered around the young minister, mingling hopeful words for the future with those of welcome.

None were more sincere than those of his old school friends, some of whom had taken long journeys to be present at the church to-day. Harry Moore, who was now acquiring fame as a lecturer and author of scientific works, was there; Phil Pomroy, for some time a partner in the large mercantile house to which he first went as clerk, was among the first to offer congratulations; and Fitz Sinclair, a successful young physician, greeted him as a fellow-laborer in the village.

Emma Dearborn, Ellen Leroy, and Belle Thornton were proud and happy that day, though the shyness of Belle was remarked, in one who was always so prominent among her mates; and Mrs. Lee felt that this hour compensated for many of toil and anxiety she had endured for her boy in his earlier years.

Mr. Dudley, who would have enjoyed this day so much, was absent. Sickness had laid a heavy hand on him, and a few days before the ordination

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he had felt it his sad duty to resign his situation as teacher, as he thought himself unequal to discharging his duties to the satisfaction of himself, or the advantage of his beloved school.

Phil Pomroy heard of Mr. Dudley's resignation, and his generous heart at once put in action a plan for the benefit of his faithful friend. On Sunday evening he called on as many as possible of his former schoolmates, talking over in his business-like manner the probabilities of maintenance for their teacher out of the pittance he had saved from his yearly salary, and showing that in case of inability to perform labor for a number of years, his lot would be very hard.

"My friends," said Phil, "let us meet to-morrow evening in the old school-room, and then and there pledge ourselves to give what our hearts may prompt and our purses afford, to our kind friend; and further agree that on this day of each year we will assemble for this same purpose, as long as Mr. Dudley shall live." The plan met with general approval.

At an early hour on Monday evening his present and former pupils enjoyed a pleasant meeting.

Mr. Dudley, although very feeble, was brought in an easy carriage to the hall, to mingle with them for a while, and then, to his utter surprise, a generous sum of money was given to him by his pet pupil, Belle Thornton. Of course Phil Pomroy was the largest contributor, but others gave according to their means.

Harry Moore made some pleasant remarks as Belle presented the money. Few words were uttered by their grateful teacher, for emotion too deep for words stirred his soul.

After Mr. Dudley's departure, resolutions were passed that this reunion should be a fixed and regular yearly gathering.

Their pleasant reunion was closed by singing some lines of Henry Ware's, set to music by Belle:—

“For all the faithful, loved, and dear,  
Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;  
For those who still are with us here,  
And those who wait for us in heaven;

“For every past and present joy;  
For honor, competence, and health;  
For hope that time may not destroy  
Our souls' imperishable wealth, —

**"For all accept our humble praise;  
Still bless us, Father, by thy love;  
And when are closed our mortal days,  
Unite us in one home above."**





## CHAPTER XVI.

### THREE WEDDINGS.

"How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet, according minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!"

**F**ROM this time Phil Pomroy began to fulfil the promises of his boyhood, as to what he would do for the benefit of his native town.

A railroad had been completed between the city and Chocorua, so that he spent nearly all his leisure after business hours at home. He kept in his father's stable a fine pair of blood horses, which were always at the service of his friends; and he had in process of building a beautiful yacht, which was also to be very much at the disposal of the young people.

Good Parson Greenleaf had more than once

hinted to his colleague that a minister, to be truly useful, should be a married man; but in Charlie Lee's case his mother was a valuable assistant, giving all the aid in her power, visiting with him the sick and needy, and offering the hospitality of her home to his parishioners.

Old Sarah, too, felt that her greatest delight was in honoring her young Master Charlie, as she called him, and she often boasted that no minister wore more spotless linen than she spread out for him each Sunday; the bosoms of his shirts were polished by her own hands, and she knew they were well done.

The young minister grew in grace and in favor with his people; but when it was whispered in the parish that the beauty of the village had been chosen and consented to become the minister's wife, there were some shakings of the head among the wise ones, as to Belle Thornton's fitness for the position.

But who ever dared to whisper a word against the character or the conduct of the merry black-eyed girl? and Charlie Lee had only carried out a dream of his boyhood when he asked her to be

his wife. A thought of unsuitableness never entered his mind ; for what sacrifice or effort was she not ready to make for one who from childhood had been the ideal of her warm and enthusiastic nature?

On one quiet Sunday, when the villagers were all assembled for morning service, the organ sending forth sweet strains of music, the pulpit decked with green and white wreaths tied with snowy ribbons, and the old pastor standing in his place behind the communion-table, the young minister led to the altar his fair young bride, never more beautiful than now, when bridal veil and orange blossoms shaded the raven locks and smooth, white brow.

Mr. Greenleaf performed the marriage service with great earnestness, invoking God's blessing on them, as man and wife. The young minister took his wife to his mother's home, and soon found in Belle a ready helpmate, as well as cheerful companion ; and few happier or more hospitable houses ever existed, than the Lee Cottage, presided over by a cheerful, Christian wife.

Harry Moore was each year becoming better



known and appreciated in his literary labors ; but as his parents often said, he did not value money enough to care for it as he ought, and unless he should some time find a companion of a more practical turn of mind than himself, his chief possessions in life would be his books, and valuable collection of natural curiosities.

His avocation called him to various places, and he very seldom visited his native village, although his favorite cousin Emma was kept pretty well informed of his wandering pursuits : and Emma found Cousin Harry as much delighted as herself when informed of Belle's marriage with his friend and classmate, Charlie Lee.

Before many months the engagement of Phil Pomroy and Emma Dearborn was announced ; and now Phil's gay turn-out often contained the young couple in their drives about town.

"Now, Parson Lee," said Phil, "when I am married, no quiet affair for me ; the bell of your old church shall ring as it never rung before, and old Chocorua shall have a gala day worth telling of."

"Very well, my friend, every one to his fancy ;

but I am satisfied with my quiet wedding, and the wife it gave me."

A year passed, and the time appointed for the marriage of Phil and Emma arrived.

The old church was lighted up as brilliantly as chandeliers and lamps could make it. Flowers in profusion decked the altar, the bell rang merrily, and the organ pealed forth its most joyous music.

The church was packed with a brilliant throng of friends to witness the ceremony. All eyes turned toward the door as the bridal party entered.

Phil Pomroy on his wedding day was one of nature's noblemen in looks and bearing ; and Emma's elegant figure, set off by her magnificent bridal attire, fully gratified her lover's desire for admiration. They were accompanied by two of Phil's cousins from the city, alike brilliant in adornment.

The younger minister assisted the elder in solemnizing the marriage of the two, whose hearts they knew to be loving and true, notwithstanding their brilliant surroundings.

After the ceremony at the church, the invited guests flocked to Mr. Dearborn's mansion. The

lawn was glittering with colored lanterns. Floral decorations ornamented the brilliantly lighted parlors, and a band of music discoursed sweet melody. Every delicacy in the way of refreshments was provided for the guests, for Mr. Dearborn spared not of his wealth on his child's wedding day.

Harry Moore was present, and his eyes beamed with pleasure as he saw his cousin Emma the centre of attraction; but all the wealth of Chocorua would not tempt him to make such a display on his marriage.

After a gay bridal tour through the large cities, the young couple settled down in an elegant home in the city; but spent the summers with Mr. Dearborn.

Ellen Leroy was wonderfully cheerful, although she seemed to be left alone. She had a secret of her own, and nobody understood keeping one's own counsel better than herself.

Her mother's health had improved very much within the last few years, thus freeing her from much anxiety. Fairly Alice had blossomed almost into womanhood, making good the fair promise of

her childhood, and was a sweet girl now. Little Hal had grown into a fine, manly boy, not quite perfect, but as good as the average of boys ; and the baby whose head he begged for a foot-ball was now his pet companion.

Mr. Leroy, returning from business one evening, said, " Who do you think came into my office to-day ? "

Ellen in her quiet way replied, " I can hardly guess, papa. "

" Your young friend, Mrs. Pomroy, and her cousin Harry Moore ; he is becoming quite a distinguished person, though rather too scientific for me. He is just home from the West. "

A few days after, there was a knock at the door, so familiar to Ellen in the years of her school days that even her coolness for the moment forsook her ; but recovering herself, she greeted calmly her friend, Harry Moore. On that evening he made known to Ellen's parents the secret so long kept between them, — that when he should arrive at a certain degree of success, and she could be spared from her father's household, they should ask the consent of her parents to their union.

"I must confess," said Mr. Leroy, "you take me quite by surprise. In the first place, I have always regarded Ellen as a sort of fixed star in our home, around which we all revolve, and whose light we should never lose; and besides, my learned young friend, I am at a loss to understand why you, who mingle in the world so much, and are surrounded in city life by so many attractive young women, who must do homage to your talents, should wish to wed my good, common-sense girl, who always loved far better to care for father and mother and the little ones, than she did to win school honors."

"It is these very qualities, sir, which attract me; the gay belles I meet in society, who flutter about, and with meaningless words affect an interest in my pursuits, only disgust me."

"Well, Harry, I've no objection to make. I am happy to say Ellen's mother is not as dependent on her as formerly. She has been a faithful and unselfish daughter; take her, and may God bless you."

Harry had come to spend a few months of vacation at home, but he said nothing of his plans

even to his friend Belle, who often joked him on his single-blessedness.

One evening, as the family at Lee Cottage were quietly seated in their parlor, Mrs. Lee and Belle sewing, and Charlie reading aloud to them, they were interrupted by a ring at the door-bell, and old Sarah ushered in Harry Moore and Ellen Leroy. No thought of the object of their call entered the mind of their minister: but after all had expressed their delight at seeing Harry among them again, he quietly said, "Ellen and I have determined to follow your example, Charlie"; then, producing a marriage license, he said, "will you perform the ceremony for us this evening?"

"Just like you, Ellen Leroy, you quiet puss!" said Belle, rising and taking her hand; "but who of our schoolmates would ever have dreamed of this? Harry, does your cousin Emma know of this? If so, she has kept your secret well."

"No, she knows nothing of it. I shall beg her forgiveness, and I know she will grant it, as she never yet refused me a favor."

In the presence of his wife and mother and old Sarah, Mr. Lee married Harry Moore and Ellen

Leroy, with the understanding that their union was approved by Ellen's parents, although they had chosen this quiet way of wedding.

After the young couple had departed, Belle expressed her delight with the whole affair; yet she could not forbear saying, "To think of dear old Harry, with all his book knowledge, loving Ellen all these years! It is singular, with his literary tastes, he should have chosen so domestic a person."

"No more a matter of wonder, I fancy, than that Belle Thornton, the gayest girl of the village, should wed a sober minister like myself," said Charlie, playfully.

"I cannot but feel pleased with this sudden turn of affairs," said Mrs. Lee. "Harry will undoubtedly make himself famous among scientific men; but, as his father says, he does not care enough for money to value properly what he gains. Ellen, with her sound judgment and domestic tastes, is just the one for him in that respect; and in every way, so good a daughter cannot fail to make a good wife."

When the marriage was made public in Cho-

corua, it was of course the nine-days' wonder of the village.

Fitz Sinclair, meeting Harry one day in the street, after the usual salutations said, "Well, Harry, you choose to take us all by surprise: what on earth will your order-loving wife do with that collection of bugs and reptiles you had scattered in every direction, the last time I visited your 'den' in the city? Farewell, old fellow, to bachelor habits and delights: the broom will demolish and the flames devour your hoarded treasure, so precious in your sight; give me joy, who yet boast my freedom."

"Not so fast, young man: it is a part of our contract that one room shall be, as you are pleased to call it, 'my den,' free from molestation by hand of woman; and in return I shall delight to play the model husband, in the very neatest order in other parts of our house."

"Wise determination! I wish you much happiness. No one has a better opinion of Mrs. Moore than myself," said Fitz, as they parted.

Harry, as he turned away, felt that no one better deserved to be appreciated than she whom



he had chosen to be his companion in life's journey, well knowing her sound judgment and quiet, true heart were the exact qualities his more impulsive nature needed ; and with a happy step he returned to join Ellen in her home.

“ Sweet are the joys of home,  
And pure as sweet ; for they  
Like dews of morn and evening come  
To make and close the day.

“ The world hath its delights,  
And its delusions too ;  
But home to calmer bliss invites,  
More tranquil and more true.”





## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONCLUSION.

*"Hail, Memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine."*

**I**N this chapter we meet for the last time the young people, whose lives, with their joys and sorrows, common even to the young, have filled these pages.

We pass over five years, and take one last look at them, as they are gathered for the annual reunion of teacher and scholars, with some of the parents and friends of their earlier years.

Mr. Dudley's locks are now thickly sprinkled with gray, and sickness has made him prematurely old. The only employment he has been able to engage in for some years has been copying for Lawyer Moore; but by the kindness of Phil Pomroy, he lives in a pleasant little cottage of which Phil has given him a life lease.

To this gathering Harry Moore and his wife have come from their distant home in the city, where crowds assemble weekly to listen to the eloquent words of this rising scientist.

The pleasant face of the minister, and the bright and joyous tones of Belle, who still looks as young and rosy as a school-girl, enliven the party.

Phil and Emma are there, caring less for display than formerly, but wisely enjoying and generously sharing their wealth with others; none had looked forward with more pleasure than they to this anniversary.

Fitz Sinclair, for some years the successor of Dr. Lyman as village physician, cheerfully welcomes his old friends, who from far and near are gathered at the old home to-night.

"Tell me about some of our old people, Fitz. I hoped to meet Mr. Greenleaf here this evening," said Harry Moore.

"He seldom mingles with us now; he is quietly and happily preparing for another home, where he trusts to meet the Master in whose service he has spent his life. We miss him much, but I feel the

good influence of his life will never be lost to us."

"And how are all at Chestnut Hill?"

"Dr. Lyman and his sister have grown old so gracefully, as I once heard remarked, that we hardly realize the fact. The hearts of both are as warm and loving as of old, and my mother is far happier with them in her American home, than I dared to hope she would be."

"And you, Fitz, seem to be the bachelor among us; but, my dear fellow, you need not feel that your full and rounded life is one of selfishness. I hear of your devotion to your home duties, and not a few of your grateful patients appreciate your labor among them. Do you remember, years since, when one New-Year's night Belle Lee predicted you, as one who, in living more for others than yourself, would find your mission?"

"I am sure, my dear friend, you do me more than justice," replied Fitz; "and this reference to the past recalls a conversation we once had soon after your marriage, with that true and noble woman I now see talking to Mr. Dudley. That

she is a happy and appreciative wife is evident from her soul-lit face and great development of character."

"You are right, Fitz: my 'den,' for which you predicted utter destruction, is her favorite resort; and I owe much of my success to the sympathy and common-sense with which she joins in my pursuits. Some time, Fitz, I wish I could see you as happy with our fairy Alice."

Fitz smiled, and Ellen now joined them, inquiring for her old teacher Miss Goodwin.

"She is Miss Goodwin still; but if a woman living more in accordance with the precepts of her religion exists, I would go a long way to find her. Farmer Goodwin and his wife are hale and hearty old people. Grandpa and Grandma Thornton, as doubtless you know, have passed away. My sailor friend is now Capt. Hawley; and his mother, as you may have heard, lives at the Lee Cottage, the minister having moved into a larger house. Our minister is as popular as ever, and his wife is a live woman, a treasure to her husband and family, and loved by all the parish.

Mrs. Lee and old Sarah live with them. Your

cousin Emma, Harry, is the wife of the richest man among us. Phil Pomroy has carried out his plans better than most men, and Chocorua owes much to his munificence in public and private charities. He 'sowed his wild oats' early, and is now a sober business man, of whom Emma justly may be proud."

"Please tell me how old Sarah is," said Ellen. "I forgot to ask Belle about her, we found so much to say. She used to make a great deal of me in my girlhood, as she said she didn't know how 'book-larned' I was, but I *did* know how to be useful in the house. She mourned sadly over the lack of domestic training of girls in our day. I remember how she amused me once when I was at Mrs. Lee's. 'It's well enough for girls to know how to do fancy work,' said she, 'if they larn plain sewing and bread-making at the same time. I was only ten years old,' she added, 'when I made the beautifulest sampler in the school. In each corner I worked with my own fingers a red farm-house, and at the bottom my own name in full, "Sarah H. Bassett." My mother had it framed, and it always hung in our

spare bedroom till I went to sarvice with Mrs. Lee's mother. Miss Ellen, I have got that sampler now, in the right-hand corner of the upper drawer in my bureau, taken out of the frame and done up in a white linen cloth, with a camphor bag sewed inside to keep out the moths ' "

Fitz and Harry laughed at Sarah, who, after all her complaint of waste of time over ornamental work, had so cherished this, her only piece of fancy work.

"Sarah is truly an original character," said Fitz. "I was passing the Lees', not long since, and having a little leisure, I called, hoping to find Charlie and Belle at home. Old Sarah came to the door, looking just as well preserved as she did when we were boys and girls; her ruddy face always shines as though she had polished it with soap and water, and the two little stiff gray curls behind her ears are in perfect order.

"She opened the door as she used to, her hand covered with her clean checked apron, as though afraid to tarnish or soil the door-knob. 'Good afternoon, Dr. Sinclair; do come in, if the folks is all out. It is enough to do my old eyes good

to see you once in a while. Come in and rest you, and take a glass of my good elderberry wine. You are always trotting round, and it will refresh you to *set* down in our cool parlor.'

"I could not refuse her hearty hospitality. She soon commenced her praise of 'young master's wife,' as she terms Belle, whom she evidently admires very much, and glories in the fact of teaching her herself the various branches of the culinary art. 'She makes just the beautifulest housekeeper you ever see, Dr. Sinclair; you know she warn't brought up as gals were in my day, so she kind of comes to me to larn her. When she comes into my nice clean kitchen in the morning, and says, "Now, Sarah, please show me how to make this or that, Charlie likes so well," she makes just the purtiest picture my old eyes ever looked on. Her cheeks keep just as rosy and her eyes just as bright as when she was a school-girl, and I know why: it's because she married just the man she wanted. Now, my young master is always pleasant, even if he is tired or worried; but there is a look about his eyes that tells the story, though he won't complain in words.



When he has been out on some parish duty, and comes home and she sees the tired look under his eyes, she knows just how to make everything bright and pleasant. She will run out to me and say, "Now, Sarah, for one of your best cups of tea and something nice to eat"; and by the time he has his dressing-gown and slippers on, she has his easy-chair drawn up to a little stand, and while he sips his tea she will catch up Baby Belle and sit down on a stool beside him; and as he watches the smile of joy on the child's face, she will tell him any little pleasant things which have happened while he was away from home, and when he begins to look rested, lay the baby in its crib, and sit down to the piano and sing some song he used to like to hear years ago. Yes, Dr. Sinclair, she is just the one to be my young master's wife, and it's no wonder Mrs. Lee and I are fond of her. The people of Chocorua may well be proud of their minister's wife.'"

"Thank you, Fitz; that conversation is so characteristic of old Sarah. I am glad Belle finds in her so powerful a friend."

"Is the old shoemaker still living?" asked Harry.

"Yes, indeed, and although nearly blind, is as happy with his violin as ever."

"Does he still live in the old red shop?"

"Oh, no; he has a nice, comfortable home, for which he also is indebted to Phil, as we suspect. He is so much inclined to his bottle that it was thought unsafe to leave him alone, and he is boarded with a respectable family a little out of the village, a certain amount being sent yearly to the selectmen of the town, by an unknown friend. No one doubts but that Phil is the donor; but he does his good deeds far more quietly than when he was younger. But there goes Mr. Dudley, leaning on the arm of the minister, and the hour for speech-making has arrived."

At that moment Alice Leroy played a sweet prelude on the piano, and with mingled voices they sung: —

‘ Sow in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed:  
Broadcast it o’er the land.

“And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

“Thou canst not toil in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.

“Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry ‘Harvest Home!’”

Then the young girl stepped gracefully upon the platform, and with a few kind words, presented Mr. Dudley with the free-will offering of his pupils.

Mr. Dudley rose feebly from his seat, and said, “I never believed in wearying my pupils with long lectures, neither do I believe in much speech-making ; but I cannot forbear extending to each and all of you my hearty thanks, not only for your gift of love, presented so beautifully by my youngest pupil, but for the good it does me to meet all to-night, and take by the hand some who are rarely seen among us. The words of the

hymn just sung remind me of the years of my life spent among you. We are all sowers and reapers in the Lord's vineyard: may we not toil in vain, but when the end shall come to each and all of us, ' may Heaven cry "Harvest Home!" ' "

A strong desire was expressed by all present to hear from their distinguished friend, Harry Moore.

Rising in reply, he asked to be excused from any formal remarks. "That is my *business*," he said, "and nothing but pleasure draws me here to-night. To meet my former friends and school-mates, with him, who for so many years was our daily friend and teacher, gives me more pleasure than to stand before the most learned audience of strangers, as listeners to anything I may utter; and the clasp of the hands which have met mine to-night touches me more deeply than the loudest applause I have ever received abroad. We who are men and women to-day, to whom it seems so late a thing to have been boys and girls together, in the sunshine of youth's happiest days, may well cherish this spot of earth where we dwelt in childhood and youth together, and

keep the memory ever green of those true and faithful friends, who, as parents, pastor, and teacher, labored so earnestly for our best good. In their declining years may they feel that they have not toiled in vain. For myself, wherever I may wander, wherever dwell, the memories of the years spent in this beautiful home will be dearer to me than any that can ever come to me in the future."

And then Belle Lee and Emma Pomroy quietly seated themselves at the piano, and played the beautiful melody of "Sweet Home," in which each voice joined with deep feeling.

The evening closed with fervent prayer, and benediction by their minister.

It was their last reunion with their teacher on earth. Before another anniversary, he passed on to his heavenly home.

A monument of great beauty marks his resting-place, upon which are inscribed the words, "Well done, faithful servant." Here the men and women once his pupils love to take their children, and speak of him they so much loved.

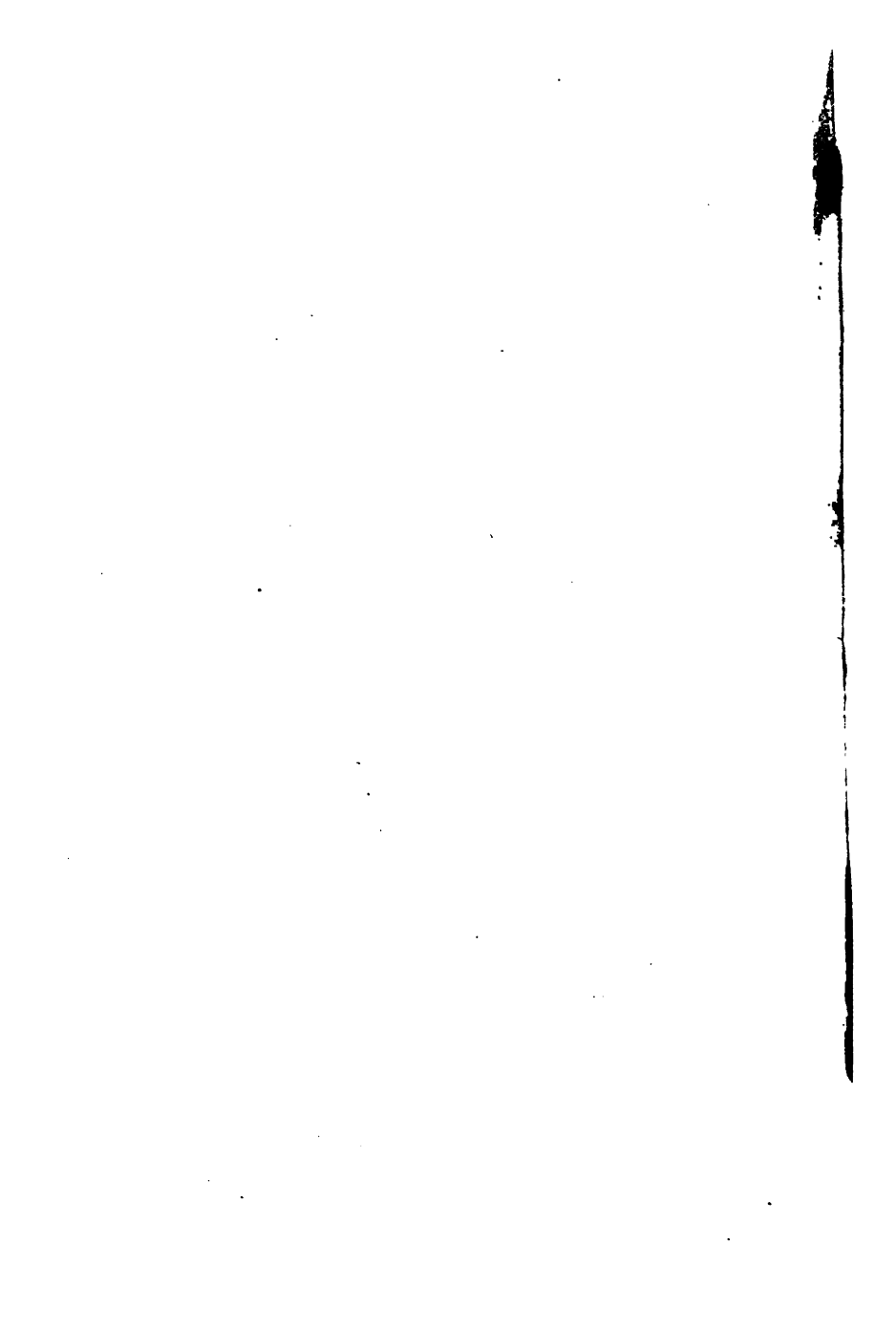
And now we must leave those whose lives have

become so well known to us, trusting that when the Lord of the harvest comes, they may lay well-garnered sheaves at the Master's feet.

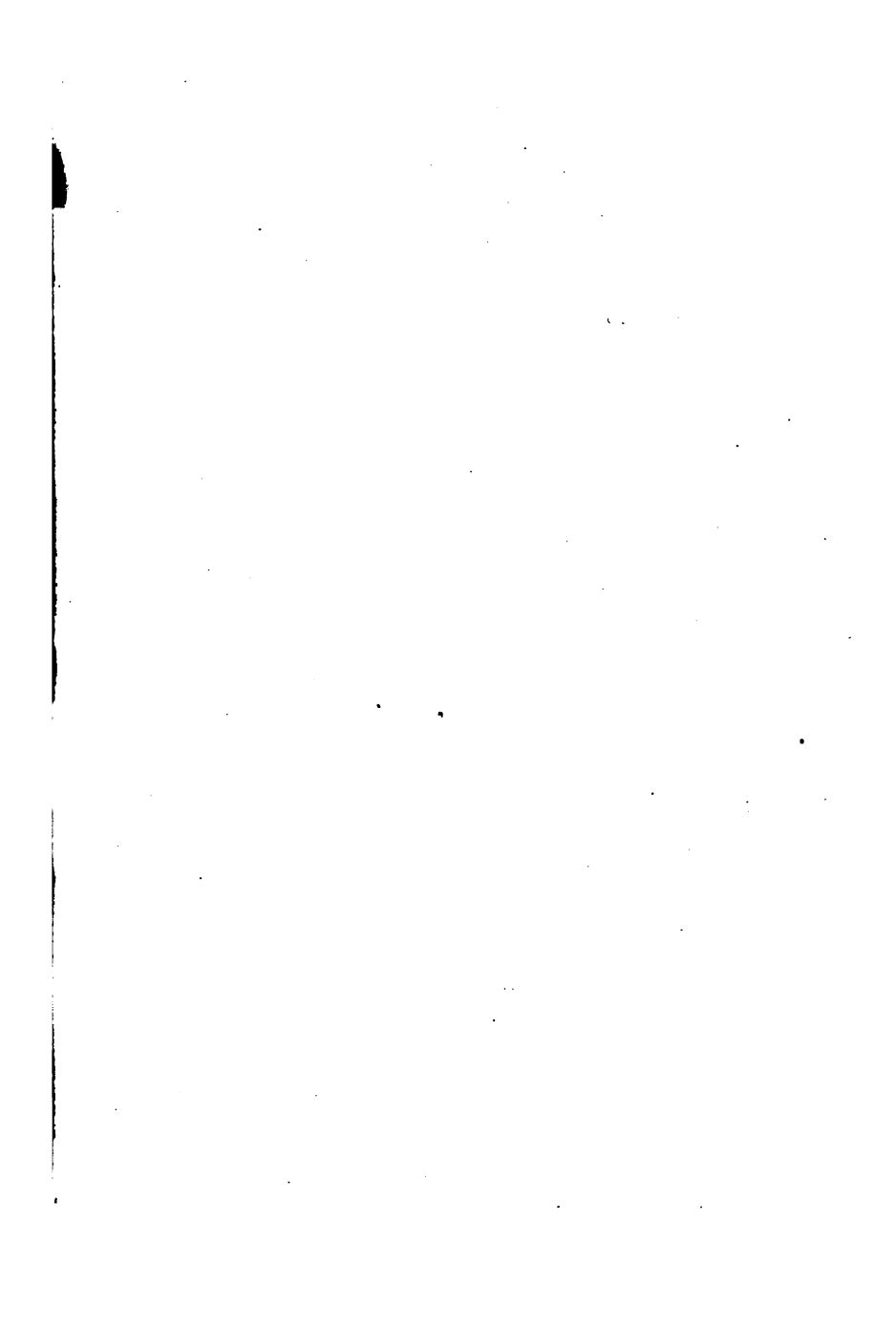
“Thou holy, sacred name of home!  
Prime bliss of earth! Behind us and before  
Our guiding star, our refuge! A father's eye,  
A mother's smile, a sister's gentle love,  
The table and the altar and the hearth,  
In reverend image, keep their early hold  
Upon the heart.” — *H. Ware.*











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